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HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY:

Autobiography, Memoir, and Letters.

COMPILED BY

HENRY G. HEWLETT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
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CHAPTER VII.

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CHORLEY'S connection with the 'Athenæum,' during these years remained so much on its former footing, that little need be added respecting it. The relations between himself and its proprietors, Mr. Dilke and his son Sir Wentworth Dilke, continued to be thoroughly cordial, and their good understanding effec-

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tually made up for any deficiency in consideration that may have been shown him on the part of the late Mr. T. K. Hervey, who then filled the post of editor. Chorley was under the impression that, during this gentleman's reign, an undue proportion of inferior literature was allotted to his province as a reviewer; but how far the impression was warranted by the fact, I have no means of judging. The list which he has preserved of the books then submitted to his criticism doubtless includes a large preponderance of chaff over wheat; but would not every such record present the like discrepancy? It contains, nevertheless, some works unquestionably of the highest rank, and others which, if their place be more doubtful, have as yet, at all events, stood the test of time. In the former category may be named Mr. Tennyson's miscellaneous poems, the dramas and lyrics of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Hawthorne's "Mosses from an old Manse" and "Scarlet Letter," Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit," "David Copperfield," and "Christmas Carol;"

in the latter, Macaulay's "Lays," Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," Thackeray's minor sketches, and several novels of Lord Lytton, Captain Marryat, Miss Brontë, and Mr. Disraeli.

So far as gleanings, which have been necessarily limited, have enabled me to form an estimate of the average merit of Chorley's criticisms at this period, as compared with those of an earlier date, they appear to indicate an advance in acumen, and increasing evidence of his aim to be at once candid and sympathetic—the author's interpreter as well as his judge. If the subtlety of perception and breadth of generalisation which characterise the critical faculty in its highest development, (such as one seems to recognise, for instance, in the contemporary essays of Mr. Richard Hutton,) were in great measure denied to Chorley, he was, I think, more than ordinarily gifted with those instincts of felicitous selection and prompt appreciation which are scarcely less serviceable to the professional critic. When a book

fell into his hands, its author might be tolerably confident that, whether it were praised or condemned, the passages which best represented its prevailing tone and purpose would be those chosen for extract. Chorley's promptness in divining the early indications of genius was not less observable in his literary than in his musical criticism. Though not habitually boastful, he took a pardonable pride in the consciousness of this gift, and delighted to remember that he was among the few who detected "the print of a man's foot in the sand" when Mr. Browning's "Pauline" appeared in the 'Monthly Repository;' how he had proclaimed the advent of a great poetess after reading Miss Barrett's "Romaunt of Margret" in the 'New Monthly,' and had been the first English reviewer who called attention to the "Twice-told Tales" of Hawthorne.

In addition to his weekly work for the 'Athenæum,' he contributed during these years several articles to the 'British and Foreign' and 'New Quarterly' Reviews,

'Bentley's Miscellany,' the 'People's Journal,' and 'Jerrold's Magazine.' He appears to have been upon the regular staff of the last-named journal; and the letters which he received from Jerrold—no mean judge of literary ability—attest the high value which was set upon his services. The transmission of proofs and cheques from an editor to a contributor is too rarely accompanied by such expressions of approval as some of these letters contain—"your touching and beautiful verse;" "papers each of which ought to be a bank-note"—phrases which from such plain-speaking lips as Jerrold's can scarcely have been meaningless. Most of these letters relate too much to details of business to be generally interesting, but one is sufficiently characteristic of the writer to deserve insertion.

[Undated, but between 1845 and 1848.]

"My Dear Chorley,

"I have given directions that your proof be immediately sent. Will you forward the October to Tomlins?

"I am off on Saturday. Shall you be near the Museum Club any time from six to nine on Thursday? I shall be there. I send you cheque, with best wishes for all comfort in your approaching holiday. I go to solitude in Sark, 'far amid the melancholy main.' Such a place for a man to lie upon his back, and hear 'the waves moan for sleep that never comes.'

"Yours ever,

"D. J."*

On the retirement of Mrs. Loudon from the editorship of the 'Lady's Companion,' the proprietor offered the post to Chorley, at a remuneration which, as he wrote to his friend in Liverpool, 'for the first time in my life, 'put me entirely at ease in my circumstances.' He conducted this serial from Midsummer, 1850, to Midsummer, 1851, and wrote much for it, both in prose and verse.

His lyrical gift was never more fertile than

* [On the fly-leaf.] "June, 4*l.*; July, 7*l.* 10*s.*; August, 7*l.* 5*s.*; Total, 18*l.* 15*s.*"

at this period. Notwithstanding a limited range of thought and fancy, and a "fatal facility" which precluded his attaining thorough mastery of the art, several of his poems leave so little to be desired in point either of form or expression, that a critic who should quarrel with their incompleteness would probably be thought fastidious by nine readers out of ten. Chorley displays considerable command of the language proper to various moods of emotion and sentiment, but never soars into any exalted strain of passion. The vein of tender or melancholy reverie is, perhaps, that in which he excels. In two of the poems which follow, a few happy touches of description lend an added charm.

"Bid me not the lady praise
Who has changèd vows with mine,
Nor reveal her to your gaze,
As a relish for your wine.
Love afloat a watch should keep,
Lest his fragile bark be drowned,
With a finger on his lip,
And an oar without a sound.
All that you shall hear or see
Is—my Love hath chosen me.

"Bid me not describe her eyes,
Violet-blue or hazel-brown:
If her lip or smiles or sighs,
Need the tale to all be known?
Can I bid you to forbear,
Having bid you first admire?
Fools but fan a flame with air,
Then bewail a world on fire.
Go and find a maiden free,
For my Love hath chosen me." *

A FIRE-SIDE SONG.

When the children are asleep, and the early stars retire,
What a pleasant world comes back in the toil of day forgot;
And the shadows of the past, how they gather round the fire,
With the friends beloved in years when the fear of death was not.

Then we see the hawthorn hedge newly silver'd o'er by May,
And the ash-tree lithe and tall, where the mavis loved to sing;
And the orchard on the slope, with its rosy apples gay,
And the elder, dark with fruit, that was mirror'd in the spring.

---

* *Vide* p. 209, *post.*

And the angels of our youth, that so long in earth are cold;
They are calling us again, with their voices mild and low;
Till our minds refuse to dwell by the coffin in the mould,
And arise with them to Heaven, where in glory they are now.

Then with thoughts of rest at eve, be so ever hard the day,
On our spirits cometh down a contentment calm and deep;
O better than the joys of the noisy and the gay
Is our quiet hour of dreams when the children are asleep!*

THE ENCHANTRESS TO HER LOVER.

By the lore of ages far,
By the rites which cowards shun,
I, from grave, and herb, and star,
Have my wand of triumph won:
Warriors I have brought to shame,
Turning glory to disgrace;
Kings have trembled when I came,
Reading doom upon my face:
But for thee, but for thee,
My wild hair shall braided be,
With the rose of richest breath,
With the jasmine white as death;
And my voice in music flow,
And mine eyes all gently glow.

---

* These verses have been set to graceful music by the late Vincent Wallace.

O, believe me, love like ours,
Is the power of magic powers!

I know where the storm is born,
That shall break the strong earth's frame,
From the fierce volcano's horn,
Brimming o'er with living flame;
I could name the very cloud
Whence the tempest forth did sweep,
Which the strongest ship hath bowed,
Built to rule the rebel deep.
But for thee, but for thee,
Shall be calm on earth and sea,
Gentle rivers, teeming mines,
Golden harvests, fragrant vines;
And a sunlight bland and warm,
And a moon of dreamy charm.
For, believe me, love like ours,
Is the power of magic powers.*

MEMORIALS OF THE RHINE-LAND.

The Laacher See.

All fairest things a faery garland make
For that enchanted caldron on the hill;
The cistus spreads its gold—the wild pinks fill
The air with odours: soft wood-pigeons wake
The coy and timid echoes of the lake;
And all day long the hum minute and shrill
Of dragon-flies' gold wings is never still,

* Appropriately set to music by Mr. J. L. Hatton.

Where bells and mellow psalms were wont to break
  The holy calm. Oh, on this bank to lie
In the rich sunshine of an autumn day,
Till Fancy, drunk with sweets, began to play
  With time, and substance, and reality,
And watched to see the turrets melt away
  Of that forsaken church, like pictures in the sky!

In many of his *vers de société*, of which a sample follows, an agreeable flavour of humour mingles with the predominant sentiment.

A LADY AND HER FAN.

Gentle Lady! with that painted book
  Fluttering open in your lily hand,
Turning from its pages with a look
  That can mirth or sadness understand;
Do you number Woman's myriad wiles,
  Or the bold expectancies of Man,
How to make them suppliants for your smiles
  (Victims ever since the world began),
  Gathering meditation from your fan?

There hath Coypel daintily expressed
  Hercules at Queen Omphale's knee,
Showing how a club, if well caressed,
  To a harmless distaff changed may be?—
There hath Boucher touched the dainty troops
  Who still people blissful Arcadies;
Round-eyed *Delias* mincing o'er their hoops,
  Satin *Strephons* under willow-trees,

Spangled Cupids dancing in a grove,
  Where Court ladies sacrifice to Pan,
And the patched and powdered Queen of Love
  Travels æther in a pearl sedan;
While your very heart within you droops,
  Thinking how Earth's glories are but prose,
  Cheapside revels, as compared with those
Breathed by charming Genius on your fan?

There doth Poesy with bays and lute,
  Floating on a cloud of Sèvres blue,
Point to trim Parnassus under-foot,
  With the peakèd toe of high-heeled shoe?
Listen, Lady! what the syren sings
  To the fair one who instruction seeks:
" Angels wear false feathers in their wings,
  Every rose has rouge upon its cheeks;
Did you dream the cowslip real gold?
  Try it, fond enthusiast, in the fire!—
There 's in every robe an awkward fold,
  One false note in every seraph's lyre;
Truth is spotted, and Belief a jest;
  Sip of pleasant pastime while you can,
Age will come too soon your joy to waste,—
  Lure the men, and laugh behind your fan!"

" 'Tis a glad and pretty world, in truth,
  Where cotillons last the live-long day;
And the eye of each enamoured youth
  Looks a thousand things he dares not say; . . . .
And the warmest heart is wooed and won
  By rare bribes from India or Japan;
And since all are false, are none undone,"—
  Saith the Sybil singing on your fan.

"How could Lady Clara break her heart?
  Should a popinjay's desertion kill?
Why did slander Guy from Marion part?
  Grace, his first-beloved, was falser still. . . . .
Faith is but a dream—Belief a jest—
  Woman is a doll, an ape is Man.
Dance, and sing, and scheme like all the rest,"—
  Saith the Muse enthroned upon your fan.

Thus a worldling, tripping wearily
  On the path that down Life's mountain leans,
With experience old and worn, *perdie*,
  Babbled of the morals writ on screens;
When the flowers that faded things rebuke,
  And the summer breezes, singing on
To the echoes of the distant brook,
  Gathered round the lady fair and lone,
Murmuring,—"Hence with all thy quips and wiles!
  Leave her to the incense that we breathe;
Leave her to the heavens, whose changing smiles
  Soothe and gladden the sad world beneath!
Take thy lore to whom it doth beseem;
  Worldly maiden greet with worldly tongue;
But for her be music still a dream,
And the odour of the roses stream
  Round the unconscious beauty of the young!—
Not till Time hath chilled her joyous heart,
  Till her eyes grow dim, her forehead wan,
Till her early blush and tear depart,
  Bid her learn to mock, and doubt, and plan,
  From the pictures painted on her fan."

One of Chorley's uncompleted designs

towards the close of his life, was to collect for publication the best of the poems which he had contributed to the serial literature of the past thirty years; and he has left in manuscript a considerable portion of such a volume, which was to be 'gratefully and affectionately' inscribed to 'Barry Cornwall, as the first poet 'who honoured' him 'with a word of kind-'ness.'

The most ambitious poetical effort of these years was the construction of a five-act play, after the pattern of the post-Elizabethan domestic drama, which, in the hands of Sheridan Knowles, had proved so successful upon the modern stage. Its title of "Old Love and New Fortune"* was appropriately expressive of the moral agencies set in motion—the immemorial antagonism of affection and pride. The plot is, unfortunately, too elaborate to admit of compression into the shape of an argument which would be readily intelligible. If not framed with much regard to probabilities, it is undeniably skilful, and

* Chapman and Hall, 1850.

abounds in effective situations. The two principal personages—La Roque, a wild, generous gallant, and Sybil Harcourt, the wilful beauty whom he loves—are creations of real flesh and blood, spiritedly and consistently conceived. Admirable as a contrast to Sybil is the other heroine, Eve, a gentle, earnest girl, whose unacknowledged love for Sir Archibald, her guardian and Sybil's father, is portrayed with singular delicacy and tenderness. A scene wherein the two girls are brought into collision is one of the most dramatic situations in the piece. La Roque, with the hope of winning back his truant mistress, who, still loving him, has cast him off for a wealthy suitor, takes Eve into confidence, and induces her to let him make feigned love to her. Sybil, who has guessed Eve's secret, surmises that her sufferance of La Roque's addresses is intended at once as a triumph over herself and a lure to Sir Archibald. Irritated to madness by the assumed provocation, she reproaches Eve with her treacherous and unmaidenly arts :

"The blush, the panting bosom and the tear . . . .
A trick of trade! . . . . . .
To pique your grey protector's jealousy;
. . . . . When I see
Your gradual heavenly smile, and hear your voice
Drawl out its smooth and hypocritic psalm,
'Tis more than generous nature can endure."

Eve, at first barely comprehending their drift, answers these taunts meekly; but when they culminate in an insinuation of her willingness to accept a baser place than that of wife, the slander, which amounts to a sentence of exile, rouses her into indignant recrimination:

"You stir not hence—and, if need be, not wed—
Till this be cleared between us. Stand in the light!
Repeat your taunt, and look me in the face . . .
. . . You dare not, Sybil! There is still a touch
Of woman in your nature!
SYBIL. Woman, stung
By most intolerable wrong.
EVE. And whose
The wrong, and whose the sting? Your own proud heart!
. . . . . Is it not enough
Yourself have cast to the winds the richest store
Which ever Heaven on thankless mortal showered?—
With your own frantic hands have riven the ties
Of household blessing, and of virgin love?

And is the dark and dismal wreck too small,
Or lacks there wider ruin to content
The insatiate fury gnawing at your heart?
. . . . . And you with cold and wicked words
Would tarnish my good name, and drive me forth
To the one refuge open, whatsoe'er
The sorrow and the storm. Content you, Sybil!
Content your pride. The arrow hath struck home.
When maiden turns on maiden, then the world
Is so disjoint, 'twere best at once to pass
To the unslandering silence of the shroud.
Go, and be decked! Go! barter for base things
Your stainless beauty! I can weep for you.
My grave is better than your bridal bed!"

This extract is, perhaps, an unusually favourable specimen of Chorley's dramatic vein in the play, but fairly represents its style, which, if unequal in power, is uniformly clear, and occasionally rises into dignity. As a reading play, it may be open to the objection made to it by the author's friend, Mr. Harness, (after a warm eulogy of its "delightful style and moral sense") of having "too much story;" but this does not seem to have been felt in representation. Other friends, to whom it was shown in MS., were more enthusiastic in their praise; among

them Miss Mitford, whose own dramatic successes entitled her to forecast with some confidence the chances of a fellow-playwright. The letters from which the following extracts are made are undated, according to the writer's wont, but must be anterior to 1846. The day after first hearing it read, she wrote as follows:—

"My very dear Friend,

"Between crying and excitement, I never closed my eyes all night, and can hardly see out of them to-day: (Jane declared that next time I went to Mr. Chorley's she would provide *two* pocket-handkerchiefs); and, as I would fain share all such troubled joys with one who dearly loves them, Miss Barrett, I have to entreat that you will let her see "Sir Archibald." She is most desirous of the favour, and will esteem it as it deserves. You could hardly have a reader of more true sensibility to beauty, or more thoroughly willing to admire all that is sweet, and true, and tender, in you especially, of whom she has heard so much.

. . . I can think of nothing but that play. I am as sure of a high success as I should have been with "Virginius," or "William Tell," or "The Honeymoon"—the three greatest plays of this century; yours is better than either. Be sure to tell me what Macready says."

Some time later she wrote again :—

"The recollection of that play is as vivid as if I had read it only yesterday, and so it will continue. Certain things burn themselves in upon the memory and the heart, and there they are for life. I am *sure* of the success of that lovely play whenever you find a stage to produce it—not caring very much about the actors. It will take care of itself."

The writer's shrewd perception (to which her effusive utterance does some injustice) was not at fault. The piece was accepted for the Surrey Theatre, Mr. Creswick playing the principal part, and the performance (February 18th, 1850) was a thorough success: 'carefully listened to, well applauded, and

'myself called for at the end,' as Chorley's journal commemorates. The press was fairly appreciative. Congratulatory letters poured in from all his friends, Mr. Browning writing from Florence to express the warm gratification of Mrs. Browning and himself, and rally him upon having been prematurely despondent about his "old luck," of which the spell was surely now broken. By an oversight on the part of the manager, the necessary licence of the Lord Chamberlain had not been obtained; and when the play was withdrawn from the bills on the day after his triumph, Chorley's half-serious, half-jesting belief that he was doomed to failure seemed really justified. But the difficulty was soon got over, and the piece enjoyed an honourable tenure of popular favour.

His principal prose work of this period was "Pomfret; or, Public Opinion and Private Judgment,"* a novel in two volumes, which he commenced in 1843, and completed and published in 1845. Perhaps none of his writings

* Colburn, 1845.

are more characteristic of him than this very unequal but impressive work. Its plan is as clumsy and incoherent as possible, the narrative being put into the mouth of an individual admittedly unacquainted even with the outer presentment of some of the principal personages, with whose inner life he nevertheless manifests a thorough intimacy, and to whose most secret soliloquies, private diaries, and letters he has unrestricted access. The story nominally turns upon the conscientious scruples of a beneficed clergyman of the Established Church, and the conflict with the combined forces of personal affection and social opinion which their avowal entail upon him; but too little is told of the man and the nature of his difficulties to enlist the reader's sympathy with him; and the fortunes of the other actors, who really interest us, are so unconnected with his that he sinks into comparative insignificance. Setting aside, however, these inherent defects of structure and proportion, the book has artistic qualities which entitle it to high praise. Prominent

among them is its vivid characterisation—always the writer's strong point, but rarely displayed to better advantage. The canvas is somewhat crowded; but almost all the figures, except the hero, are definitely individualised beyond the reach of mistake. The purely passionate and high-minded Grace, whose delicate fancy and sensitive affection exact an ideal impossible of fulfilment, but whose courage is equal to the sacrifice they impose; Carew, her lover, intellectually refined, impulsively generous, unstable of will, capable of genuine love and manly effort, but uncertain of himself and distrustful of the heart he has won; the *artiste*, Helena Porzheim, the slow development of whose genius, from its impassive dullness in the chrysalis state to the vigour and brilliance of its life on the wing, constitutes an elaborate picture; Golstein, the accomplished, unprincipled, wily Austrian adventurer, the evil genius of the piece; Checco, the Italian servant, as shrewd as he is ignorant, as affectionate as he is cowardly; Carew's friend, Rose, the incarna-

tion of pragmatic conventionality and common sense; Abel Risdon, the romantic, shambling, shiftless painter; Mrs. Drake, the county leader of fashion, and her tawdry circle; Harriet Grey, the frank, caustic old maid, of whose criticism they have to run the gauntlet; and Tyrrhwitt, Pomfret's base and vulgar fellow-clergyman, who serves at once for his bugbear and his foil—these, with others of less importance as actors, are types which the reader will scarcely forget when once he has made their acquaintance. Here and there a touch of caricature mars the effect intended, but too seldom to dispel the predominant impression of truthfulness. The action of the love-story, which is the main source of interest, is freshly and powerfully sustained to the last; and the *dénoûment* falls as a surprise which, if disappointing at the first blush, has a moral and artistic fitness. Occasional situations in the narrative are admirably dramatic in their conception and treatment; one especially, in which the Austrian adventurer is matched with the Italian

servant in a game of cajolery, and ignominiously worsted, is a bit of genuine comedy. Graphic descriptions of town and country life at home and abroad (the scenes in Venice being drawn from the writer's recent experience), episodes of adventure and legend, and passing observations on life and manners, amply diversify the current of the story. The style is, for the most part, even and readable, and has a pleasant tone of quaintness appropriate to the idiosyncrasy of the supposed narrator. It is impossible to select from a book which owes so much of its charm to skilful play of character and pervading harmony of treatment any passage that adequately represents it. The following, however, may serve as a specimen of Chorley's ability as an analyst :—

"After all, Golstein was not a villain, as the word is usually understood in novels. He was but a schemer, who had refined away what little heart he was born with—a loss of which he was unaware. He would have told you that he had known very heavy trials, loss of wealth, loss of friends, disappointment in love, failure in ambition. And it was true that all these things had happened to him. But with the effect of a blow the nature of the substance struck has some-

thing to do; and what he had experienced on the occasion of change and casualty, had been but slight aches, compared with the agonies which the generous and susceptible know. Yet they stood in his record as emotions, and he was wont to picture himself to himself as a man worn with grief no less than experience; and when the head was weary of combining, and the hands of working cunning, to mistake this exhaustion for the real void left behind them by profound passions and acute sorrows."—(Vol. ii. p. 103.)

Lest the praise above given to "Pomfret" should be deemed extravagant, it must be shown that if one has erred it has been in good company. Having sent a copy to Mr. Browning, Chorley received from him the following note, which I have the writer's kind permission to print:—

"Friday morning.

"Now, dear Chorley, take the very hearty thanks of one gratified much, very much, by your "Pomfret;" it is full of beauty and truth, and the power that is in both—and I do think that when I bend the 'quiet of a loving eye' on the whole of it now clearly in my mind, I do not lose in my general admiration one point of good artistry

and happy contrivance; for it is all well, from the charming *framing round* of those quaint, kind Grays, to the quiet, indefinite, but no less assured comfort of the end; and I would write about it all, *l'ami* Rose and Cousin Harriet, had I not the memory of last week's letter from *you*—and that stops me, as I would not 'set off' *my* encouragement against yours if I could. Besides it is now an old story—my reading your letters and criticisms, verses and prose stories, and enjoying everything and saying nothing. But I let none of your kindness fall to the ground, nor much of your cleverness even; and this "Pomfret" is more than clever every way. Thank you once more, and always, too.

"Believe me yours faithfully,

"R. BROWNING."

A performance which has obtained one such verdict from a critic so competent, can in no event be held to have been unsuccessful; nor is it to be supposed that this was the only vote in its favour. But the

many did not follow the few, and Chorley laconically chronicles its fate in his journal of February, 1846, as 'another failure.'

Between 1846 and 1849, he gave much thought and study to the consideration of a subject which has more than once been named as possessing special attraction for him—the obligations of Genius. He proposed to himself to treat it in a more abstract form than heretofore, and with particular relation to the claims of religion and morality, but, after collecting materials for some time, he seems to have felt unable to do it justice, and laid it aside. As he has endorsed his manuscripts 'to be entirely re-written,' it would be unfair to his memory to make any extracts from them.

CHAPTER VIII.

Private and Social Life from 1841 to 1851—Residence in Victoria Square—An *affaire du cœur*—Artistic friendships—Mrs. Browning—Sir William Molesworth—George B. Maule—Travels—Extracts from journals—Notes on pictures—Professor Bendemann—Kaulbach—Letters and sonnets in 'Athenæum'—Last letter from Mendelssohn—Visit to Interlachen—List of acquaintances—Langtree—Thomas Campbell—Rejection of offer of marriage—Pressure of calamities—Illness of his sister—Death of Mrs. Chorley.

THE bachelor-partnership which Chorley had enjoyed with Mr. Reeve for nearly four years was determined by the latter's marriage in the winter of 1841; and, in default of finding another companionship so agreeable under the same roof, Chorley gave up the lodgings, and took a house of his own, No. 15, Victoria Square, where he resided for the next ten years. This relapse into solitariness told

unfavourably on his spirits, and before he had time to become reconciled to the change, they experienced a fresh access of depression, consequent on the unexpected marriage of a distinguished *artiste* of his acquaintance, whose fascinations had tempted him to indulge in dreams which that event dispelled. The announcement gave occasion to this outburst of reflection on the peril of forming artistic intimacies:—

'One gives out so much more sympathy to 'them than to those of any other class; one 'gets back so much less. They are not things 'for long leases! . . . . If one *could*, how 'much the best would it be to live totally 'alone! I think I have had to uncoil my 'tendrils so often, that I shall come to this 'before very long—to the smooth face which 'tells nothing, and the smooth heart which 'feels little!'

The mood in which this was written was very shortlived, and however prudent the reflection may have been, it had no practical effect whatever on the writer's future conduct.

Among his closest intimacies through life were those which he formed with men and women more or less eminent in some one of the various callings consecrated to Art; and this period was as rich in such intimacies as any. His friends of former years, Mr. Procter, Mr. Browning, Mendelssohn, Kenyon, Miss Mitford, and Lady Blessington, were retained, and names not less illustrious in literature than Mrs. Browning, in music and the drama than M. Liszt and Madame Viardot Garcia, were added to the number. To the record of his friendship with the first-named only of these can publication justifiably be given, and this is, unfortunately, more than usually incomplete. No sketch, however, can fail to interest which, like the following, contributes a particle to our knowledge of so remarkable a woman:—

'Mrs. Browning and her writings claim 'affectionate commemoration on the part of 'those who knew her personally, and consider 'the high place she must ever hold among the 'recognised poetesses of this country. In the

'first class only five can be named—Joanna
'Baillie and Miss Mitford, in right of their
'tragedies (the former, too, one of Great Bri-
'tain's most exquisite lyrists); Mrs. Hemans,
'the musical, high-hearted, and impassioned;
'and herself—less complete in execution, it
'may be, than the three women of genius
'already named, but bolder in imagination
'and deeper in learning, with a wider (and
'wilder) flow of inspiration than any of those
'with whom she is here classed. She has a
'place of her own—rare, noble, daring, and
'pure beyond reproach—in the Golden Book
'of gifted women. There has been only one
'since, Adelaide Anne Procter, less ambitious,
'perhaps, than her predecessors, but, as a
'lyrist, more complete, more delicate, not less
'original therefore, than any among them,
'whose verses have a beauty and a finish that
'owe nothing to any model.

'It must be at least thirty years ago that I
'was startled by a new pleasure—a published
'ballad, signed, I think, with only initials—
'in 'The New Monthly Magazine'—"The

'Romaunt of Margret." I got it by heart: 'if I copied it once, I copied it ten times, and 'must have made myself a nuisance, as imma-'ture enthusiasts are apt to do, by talking of 'it, in season and out of season, as an appear-'ance of a strange, seizing, original genius. 'I was doubted and put aside accordingly, in 'obedience to English law and usage, which '(as it were) make us set our teeth and 'lean our backs against the door whenever 'the same is to be opened to a real novelty. 'The chance, however, that brought me 'to the knowledge of that munificent man 'and indulgent friend, John Kenyon, Miss 'Barrett's relative, brought me also the 'privilege of writing to one whom I so 'sincerely admired, and of being on the 'list of those to whom she was willing to 'write.

'In those days, no other intercourse was 'possible; for she was an invalid—thought 'to be a hopeless one—as such, not to be 'intruded on, (were the candidates as per-'severing, gifted, and charming as the

'American "interviewers") save by a very
'few old friends.

'Her letters ought to be published. In
'power, versatility, liveliness, and *finesse*; in
'perfect originality of glance, and vigour of
'grasp at every topic of the hour; in their
'enthusiastic preferences, prejudices, and in-
'consistencies, I have never met with any,
'written by men or by women, more brilliant,
'spontaneous, and characteristic. This was
'*her* form of conversation. I have never
'done a duty more against the grain than in
'restoring those addressed to me to their
'rightful possessor—the true poet whom she
'married, after an intimacy suspected by
'none save a very few, under circumstances
'of no ordinary romance, and in marrying
'whom she secured for the residue of her life
'an emancipation from prison and an amount
'of happiness delightful to think of, as falling
'to the lot of one who, from a darkened
'chamber, had still exercised such a power of
'delighting others. It was more like a faery
'tale than anything in real life I have ever

'known, to read, one morning, in the papers,
'of her marriage with the author of "Para-
'celsus," and to learn, in the course of the
'day, that not only was she married, but
'that she was absolutely on her way to
'Italy. The energy and resolution implied
'were amazing on the part of one who had
'long, as her own poems tell us, resigned
'herself to lie down and die. I cannot re-
'collect when I have been more moved and
'excited by any surprise, beyond the circle of
'my immediate hopes and fears.

'Every letter of hers from Florence told
'me of one prospect after another brighten-
'ing, of one hope after another fulfilled—told
'with a piquant originality and prejudice
'not to be over-stated nor under-praised.

'I never met Mrs. Browning face to face
'till after her return to England. The time
'is too recent for me to tell *how* we met—as
'correspondents who had become friends.
'And her indulgent friendship never failed
'me to the last, in spite of serious differences
'of opinion concerning a matter which she

'took terribly to heart—the strange, wierd
'question of mesmerism, including *clair-*
'*voyance.* To the marvels of these two
'*phenomena* (admitting both as incomplete
'discoveries) she lent an ear as credulous as
'her trust was sincere and her heart high-
'minded. But with women far more ex-
'perienced in falsity than one so noble and
'one who had been so secluded from the
'world as herself, after they have once
'crossed the threshold, there is seldom
'chance of after-retreat. Only, they become
'bewildered by their tenacious notions of
'loyalty. It is over these very best and
'most generous of their sex that impostors
'have the most power. They are no matches,
'as men are, for those miserable creatures
'who creep about with insinuating manners,
'and would pass off legerdemain, the tricks
'of cup and ball, for real, portentous dis-
'coveries.

'I have never seen one more nobly simple,
'more entirely guiltless of the feminine pro-
'pensity of talking for effect, more earnest in

'assertion, more gentle yet pertinacious in 'difference, than she was. Like all whose 'early nurture has chiefly been from books, 'she had a child's curiosity regarding the life 'beyond her books, co-existing with opinions 'accepted as certainties concerning things of 'which (even with the intuition of genius) 'she could know little. She was at once for-'bearing and dogmatic, willing to accept 'differences, resolute to admit no argument; 'without any more practical knowledge of 'social life than a nun might have, when, 'after long years, she emerged from her cloister 'and her shroud. How she used her ex-'periences as a great poetess, is to be felt and 'is evidenced in her "Aurora Leigh," after 'every allowance has been made for an ex-'treme fearlessness in certain passages of the 'story and forms of expression, and that want 'of finish in execution with which almost 'all her efforts are chargeable.

'The success of "Aurora Leigh" (with all 'its drawbacks) was immediate, wide, and, I 'conceive, is one likely to last. The noble

'and impassioned passages which printed
'themselves on memory as I hurried through
'the tale, carried along by its deep interest,
'the brilliancy of allusion, the felicity of
'description, separate it from any effort of the
'kind which I could name. Those who care
'for comparison may come to something like
'a right appreciation of this poem, on com-
'paring it with efforts in the same form by
'M. de Lamartine, or an English novel in
'verse which followed it, by the accomplished
'but imitative author of "Lucille." In Mrs.
'Browning's ballad poems, the same pre-
'eminence in fantasy may be ascribed to her.
'I refer to the "Rhyme of the Duchess May,"
'"The Brown Rosarie," "The Romaunt of
'the Page," "Lady Geraldine's Courtship,"
'and "Bertha in the Lane." It is idle to talk
'of halting tones and occasional platitudes,
'(what fertile writer has been exempt from
'them?) when so much vigour and variety
'are to be counted on the other side of the
'question. Some of Mrs. Browning's minor
'lyrics can hardly be exceeded in beauty and

'tenderness. The verse from one entitled
'"Sleeping and Watching," which begins,

"And God knows, who sees us twain,"

'has a pathos which will speak to every one
'who has had experience in the darkened
'chambers of life.'

It may be added to this unfinished notice, that, on the occasion of Miss Barrett's marriage in 1846, Chorley was selected as one of the trustees of her settlement. The cordiality of her subsequent relations with him was once imperilled, as will be shown, by an act of indiscretion on his part; but this was condoned by "her indulgent friendship," and, to the close of her life, he suffered no diminution of what Mr. Browning testifies to have been her "very deep and true regard."

The only other memorial of one of Chorley's intimates at this period, which admits of present publication, is of a man widely different in intellectual type and vocation from those among whom his intimates were usually selected—the late Sir William Molesworth. How

they became acquainted does not appear; but there were moral qualities in each that proved mutually attractive, and united with sufficient affinity in their tastes to cement a friendship of which Chorley was justly proud, and which he has thus worthily commemorated:—

'Among my betters, with whom it has been 'always my desire and my good fortune to 'live, I have known no man, as regards heart, 'head, and capacity, superior to Sir William 'Molesworth. Our acquaintance was strangely 'made; but it ripened into what I have a 'right to call a friendship, which lasted to 'the end of his life. That he trusted me I 'have good reason to know; and howsoever 'wide apart our pursuits were (one alone 'excepted—love of flowers and trees), I was 'never by him made to feel the inferiority of 'my flimsy knowledge to his massive com-'mand of the greatest subjects which can 'engage a serious man's attention. I was, 'from first to last, at ease when I was with 'him, and have not to remember a single 'depreciating word or doubtful look on his part.

'Sir William Molesworth was in no respect
'brilliant, but earnest; perfect in mastery
'over every subject he took in hand, open to
'any testimony which interfered with his
'own views; a man of a high and truthful
'nature, under the cover of whose deeds and
'strong opinions, call them prejudices, the
'least gifted of those whom he met and
'harboured must have felt safe. He was just
'rather than habitually generous; but when
'he chose to be generous, he was munificent,
'and without regard to his good deeds being
'blazoned. He was well aware of his own
'value, as every sincere man must be who
'has any value at all; but in private life, never
'was any great man less self-asserting. He
'seemed to love to rest in it by way of enjoy-
'ment, not to shew shows or to make speeches,
'on the strength of his position as a man of
'letters or a statesman.

'It is curious to recall how, as a young
'leader in the Radical party, wealthy to boot,
'and with an honourable family name and
'estate, Sir William Molesworth was pursued

'by squadrons of strong-minded women,
'or terrible mothers, "shallow-hearted" (as
'Tennyson sings), having daughters to whom
'the name, and the fame, and the position of
'his wife would have been a promotion little
'short of heavenly advancement on earth.
'It is excellent to recollect how quietly he
'put aside everything like control, or intrigue,
'or suggestion; and, by choosing for himself,
'secured as complete a happiness for two
'married people as the world has ever seen.
'This could not have been more emphatically
'attested than by his testamentary disposi-
'tions.

'A deliberation and persistence, not to say
'heaviness of nature, were among his remark-
'able characteristics, and had no small share
'in his success. Whatever he attempted to
'do he did thoroughly; let the thing be ever
'so great or ever so small, the shaping of
'a course of political service, the gathering
'together testimony as regarded Colonial
'affairs, in which field of action he has never
'been replaced, the fulfilment of a task no

'less dry than the editing of the philosophical 'works of Hobbes of Malmesbury, which 'called down on him that rancorous abuse 'of his opinions, then too fiercely used against 'all those suspected of Liberal heresies by 'the high Tory party—all that he did was 'thoroughly done. This peculiar charac-'teristic was carried out to the most trifling 'occupation. I have seen him for a couple 'of hours absorbed in the solving of a chess 'problem; or in disentangling a skein of silk, 'while his mind was steadily pursuing some 'train of thought and speculation. But he 'never used his accuracy as an engine of 'oppression, as meaner men are too apt to do. 'When, at last, his worth and his weight 'could be no longer overlooked, and he entered 'the Ministry as responsible for the "Woods 'and Forests," the question of a new National 'Gallery was on the carpet. He was resolute 'not to move in it till he was in possession of 'the fullest information as to the merits and 'demerits of foreign picture-galleries. How 'carefully he received, and how patiently he

'sifted this, I am in case to record. He
'gathered specifications, working plans, and
'estimates of what had been the cost, of what
'was the nature, of what the success, of the
'great European establishments of the kind,
'and was preparing to present the result of
'his comparisons to the nation in a tangible
'form, when changes occurred in our adminis-
'tration, and he was promoted to the Secre-
'taryship of the Colonies. According to
'certain established principles of English
'policy and private judgment, which imply
'English destructive waste at the expense of
'public money, his successor, as small as he
'was a great man, swept away all the fruits
'of his care and provision into some unseen
'official closet, where, probably, they may be
'mouldering at this day, and began anew a
'series of inquiries and perquisitions, just
'as if the subject was still a virgin subject.
'*Corollary.*—We have no National Gallery,
'save a building originally penurious and in-
'efficiently patched up, even to this present
'day.

'From all abominable waste like this, the 'experience and counsel of such men as Sir 'William Molesworth—were there many such '—might have protected this country. But 'the name of such is *not* legion. When he 'came to be promoted, as was inevitable, to 'his legitimate sphere of action, as Colonial 'Secretary, the frame, by nature not a healthy 'one, was worn out. He had a very few days 'of consciousness of reward, due to a power 'and probity as priceless as they are uncom-'mon, and died peacefully, with perfect con-'sciousness that he was dying.

'His sense of humour was not keen, but no 'man delighted in such quaint stories and 'conundrums as he seized and relished more 'thoroughly than himself. As has been often 'the case, he took a positive pleasure in hear-'ing the same tale or jest told over and over 'again, let him know it ever so well by heart. 'He would begin it wrong, as children do, 'with the intention of hearing it corrected. 'He rarely produced or paraded the results 'of his grave thought and deep reading; but

'when he *did* speak, he was apt to close the
'question in debate.

'It was curious to observe how one so
'mathematical, and so sparingly endowed with
'the poetic faculty of appreciation, had so
'strong a tendency to occupy himself with
'those recondite and mysterious subjects re-
'garding which no clear conclusion can be
'arrived at. He had a theory of dreams of
'his own, which, I think, he put forward in
'the 'Westminster Review' during his brief
'proprietorship of that periodical. He was
'patient and clear in investigating the pre-
'tensions of mesmerism, separating the phe-
'nomena of cataleptic sleep from those of
'pretended *clairvoyance*, with that resolution
'to sift evidence, and to discriminate betwixt
'truth and falsity, which the more mercurial
'and imaginative seldom retain. He was a
'willing and diligent reader of foreign novels.
'Without an atom of taste for music, or care
'about the drama above melodrama, he en-
'dured both, in indulgence to other persons,
'but not very willingly. It is comical to

'recall how, after the first performance of
'"Le Prophète," he never again entered his
'own opera box; driven thence, he said (and,
'I suspect, not averse to the excuse,) by the
'psalmody of the Three Anabaptists!

'But his real enjoyments, as apart from
'the pleasurable cares of ambition, were at
'home in Cornwall, in the place which he
'had decorated and beautified with the hand
'of a master.* The lovely Italian garden
'before his house, the plantations so choicely
'adjusted, the long descending avenue, flanked
'by a collection of rare firs and evergreens
'only equalled by those of the Pinetum at
'Dropmore; the hot-houses, with their strange,
'weird-looking orchidaceous plants, were a
'perpetual source of pleasure to him—the
'pleasure belonging to rich and accurate
'knowledge. He knew every tree he had
'set; the quickness of its growth and its
'chances of health or disease were duly noted
'by him in his garden diary; and his de-
'liberate afternoon walks through his beautiful

* Pencarrow.

'grounds were among his pleasantest solitary
'hours of the day—a wholesome relief from
'the coil and cumber of state measures and
'treaties, the verbiage of blue-books to be
'fathomed, and the strong excitements of
'political ambition. I have often and again
'thus walked with him, and heard him talk
'—a pleasure and a privilege not to be for-
'gotten. His indulgence and regard for me
'are among the most precious of my recol-
'lections. I must change more than I hope
'I ever shall before I cease to be aware of
'their distinction and their value.'

Another and a very close friend of Chorley during these years was the late George B. Maule, a man who has left no mark by which the world will remember him, but who must have possessed mental and moral gifts of no ordinary attractiveness to have inspired such regret as was occasioned by his sudden death in the autumn of 1850. The qualities which endeared him to his associates are well summed up in the following entry from Chorley's journal, written after receiving the announcement :—

'*Saturday, Sept.* 28*th*, 1850.—A truly heavy
'day! Knocked up by Kenyon, the strange-
'ness of whose appearance at my bedside did
'not strike me, till, on my greeting him jocu-
'larly, "I must check your cheerfulness,"
'said he, and, opening a letter from the consul
'at Barcelona, communicated to me the news of
'poor Maule and Nicholson being drowned in
'a diligence betwixt Barcelona and Valencia.
'The road is along a rock-ledge above the
'sea, crossed, it seems, by torrents, one of
'which must have been swollen by the heavy
'rain, and the wind carried over the vehicle.
'All perished! It is a loss not to be re-
'paired. I have never known a completer
'man than Maule; never had to mourn a life
'of greater value, round which more love, re-
'spect, and confidence had gathered. He had
'the sweetest temper without insipidity; the
'evenest spirits without becoming wearisome.
'He was considerately kind without protes-
'tation; wondrously and accurately versatile
'in his knowledge, without a grain of conceit
'or pedantry. He was strong, punctual,

'cheerful, humorous. One reposed in his 'regard, one trusted his judgment, one 'would have relied upon his testimony had 'it even been at variance with one's own 'senses.

'We travelled three times together, and 'his face in my house often supplied the face 'of one of my own family. He was always 'ready to help, to oblige, to enjoy with one; 'and his loving sympathy was to me par-'ticularly agreeable, from its being so un-'demonstrative. Travelling will never be to 'me the same thing again; for to him I 'largely owe my little experience on the 'subject.'

Travel seems to have been a passion with Maule, some of whose letters, addressed to his friend from various parts of Europe, are scarcely less detailed than the elaborate diaries which Chorley himself was in the habit of keeping of his Continental tours. These holiday journeys—three of which were undertaken in company with Maule, others with his brother John, Kenyon, or Mr. Reeve, and some alone:

—were annual occurrences at this period of his life, and form one of its brightest chapters. Apart from their additions to his fund of musical experience, they contributed largely to his general culture. From the observations gathered in the course of them were derived some of the most striking passages in his best works, and the prevailing fidelity of his descriptions of national character and local scenery. Though, I believe, he never exceeded a term of two months, and was often obliged to travel over familiar ground, he contrived to make himself pretty intimately acquainted with all that is most beautiful and memorable in Europe, whether of Nature or Art—Swiss mountains, German rivers, and Italian lakes; the architecture, painting, and sculpture of the principal cities from Paris to Palermo. Many travellers may have seen more, but few can have ever worked harder than Chorley on these journeys. His toil was animated by a genuine enthusiasm for knowledge and an artist's love of beauty; not a mere sight-seer's craving for marvel. Of all that at-

tracted his imagination he was a diligent student. Thanks to his early self-culture, he was a facile draughtsman, and his diaries are interspersed with slight, but often effective, sketches of landscape, novelties of architectural design, droll faces and costumes, &c., intended to serve as aids to a memory already exceptionally retentive. Of scenes and pictures which fascinated him, the descriptions in these volumes are not unfrequently graphic, as, for example, the following of Lucas Cranach's 'Bath of Youth,' in the Berlin Gallery, afterwards inserted with more elaboration in "Music and Manners:"

'On the one side are waggons full of, and 'pillions laden with, old women in every stage 'of age, ugliness, and decrepitude, pressing 'forward with a thirst wonderfully expressed 'towards the magical fountain, gaping with 'appetite to find their beauty and enchant-'ments renewed. In the midst is the tank 'itself, half-filled with withered, naked spectres, 'half with

'"Young budding virgins, fair and fresh and sweet."

'On the one side, all the ravenous impatience 'for the transformation; on the other, the 'languid basking of young beauty, conscious, 'pleased, and indolent; and behind, a banquet, 'where the fair are pledged by the brave, 'and *boschetti*, for the telling of love-tales and 'what-not. I have rarely seen a more curious 'or a deeper picture. There is a grim Gothic 'truth in it not easy to put down in words. 'It is a piece of life seen through a devil's 'distorting-glass.'

These critical notes on pictures are often marked by the same fineness of discrimination that is to be found in his best estimates of literature and music. An example may be selected from the journal of his visit to Rome in 1851, where, referring to Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment,' he remarks on the grandeur of 'those celestially mighty clarion-bearers, 'who perform their function of admission or 'exclusion without ruth or exultation. I 'think it was Gaudenzio Ferrari who made 'the Angels of Doom look sorrowful. This 'is making them into so many Christs, with

'complete knowledge and perfect sympathies,
'and thus leaves nothing for the Highest. I
'like the *ministry* better, which is unconscious
'and unparticipating.'

That Chorley never lost an opportunity of extending his acquaintance among artists and men of letters has already been seen. His Continental diaries of these years are not less interesting than those of earlier date in their accounts of his interviews with distinguished members of both callings to whom he obtained introductions. One or two examples may be given. A visit to Professor Bendemann, at Dresden, is thus described:—

'Bendemann is reputed to be the first of
'German modern artists. He has a thin face,
'of a sweet and melancholy expression, large,
'intense thoughtful eyes, of a painter's keen-
'ness and poetry—a countenance not wholly
'unlike Weber's in its pattern, with mild,
'gentlemanly manners. . . . I found him
'in his *atelier* at the great hall of the palace,
'which he has been employed to decorate with
'frescoes. He was at work on a very high

'scaffolding, without a cravat, in a blue blouse,
'and with a long pipe. . . . I had an ex-
'ceedingly pleasant half-hour of conversation
'with him, though I could not, I fear, come
'far enough upon his own ground to be ac-
'ceptable to him; and I will never talk more
'than I understand. There is a sort of frieze
'in compartments running round the room,
'which he is filling with a series of paintings
'imaging the progress of human life, begin-
'ning with the Paradise of Nature, when
'there was no death, and ending with the
'Paradise of Redemption, when life eternal
'shall be restored, and between the two, em-
'bracing the ages of man from the cradle to
'the grave. Some of these were not complete,
'but those which were, were very beautiful—
'a dance of children, for instance, and a group
'representing a wedding, all youth and joy,
'and motion and hope. . . . Besides this,
'he showed me two very noble cartoons of
'single figures of sages, lawgivers, &c., with
'which he is going to surround the hall.
'Zoroaster and Solomon were the subjects.

'The one, with the Magian censer in his hand, 'was very grand, and Chaldaic, and im-'posing, and, if forcibly wrought out, will 'make the breath stop of those who look at 'it. But dare I say that it is this very want 'of forcible working-out which makes the 'long step between the modern Germans 'and the great ancients whom they so nobly 'aspire to approach? They make "shadows 'of beauty, shadows of power:" the others 'called up real kings and apostles, and the 'real Divinity, who needs but touch the hills 'to make them smoke! I know next to no-'thing of the works of modern German 'painters; but the few I have seen appear to 'me, with all their beauty of drawing and 'sentiment, to want *body*. I like Bendemann 'very much. He was very patient with my 'platitudes; and I liked him, who bears the 'reputation of being among the first painters, 'telling me that Kaulbach, of Munich, was 'their first man, and speaking of his works 'with such enthusiasm.'

When at Munich on another occasion (in

1841) Chorley obtained an introduction to Kaulbach, whom he found at his studio in a country-house in the environs.

'He is a very thin man, with a little long, glossy, black hair smoothed over his forehead '. . . with deep, tender, shining, humor- 'ous eyes. . . . In his manner a mixture 'of simplicity, friendliness, fun, and enthu- 'siasm. . . . He was painting a man 'handsomer than himself, but not so much of 'a genius. . . . Several magnificent full- 'length portraits were about; one of a fal- 'coner. The one on which he was occupied 'was the chief of a company of Lanz-knechts. 'Their originals were young artists who, 'with their wives, had, last winter, appeared 'to the number of two hundred in a pa- 'geant at the theatre, on the return of 'Prince Max; and the king had commanded 'three of their portraits for Schleissheim. '"After all," said Kaulbach, "it was an 'honour to paint such fine fellows." One 'that was finished struck me more than any 'modern portrait I have ever seen: the full-

'length of a knight, with sanguine complexion
'and red hair; a metal bonnet on the head,
'a cuirass, a scarlet dress slashed with white,
'and a gorgeous furred mantle. When Kaul-
'bach drew up the blind, and let in the light
'upon it, it seemed to float out of the canvas
'with its force and brilliancy. . . . We saw
'some illustrations to "Faust," which I did
'not like. They were clever, but grim and
'ungraceful compared with those by Retszch
'—and yet the one has no honour here! We
'saw, too, three admirable designs for a new
'edition of "Reinecke der Fuchs." . . .
'But the most remarkable picture of all was
'an enormous cartoon of the Destruction of
'Jerusalem. Above are the three prophets
'watching the angels, who are sounding the
'trumpets and pouring out the vials of wrath
'at their feet—noble winged figures of a
'superb Apocalyptic sublimity. In the centre,
'to the left, the Jews, in all the agonies of
'terror, distress, famine, dissension, murder,
'and blasphemy; the degrees being indicated
'by a mother entreated of her children, the

'high-priest about to slay himself, and the 'Wandering Jew spurred on his way by 'fiends above his head—the last free Israelite 'who will issue from that scene. To the ex-'treme left, Titus riding calmly into the city 'with an air of solemn astonishment at the 'frenzy around him, and the portents which 'attend his conquest. The most magnificent 'subject of all time, done (may we not say 'it?) full justice to. All the effete and pe-'dantic efforts which good King Louis has 'called forth are assuredly well bestowed, if 'they have formed and fostered a school of 'Art of which such a noble work was the sole 'result.'

The foregoing are among the most note-worthy extracts from Chorley's journals; but it would be impossible, without a considerable expenditure of space, to give an adequate notion of their diversified contents, which range from æsthetic criticism to table-d'hôte gossip, and reflections on national traits to the minutiæ of personal experience. No better illustration could be found than in these

pages of the tonic virtues of travel. Commenced at the close of a long London season, when the writer was thoroughly wearied in body and mind, their opening entries are often monotonously doleful; but the lapse of a few days, under altered conditions, is usually sufficient to indicate signs of returning health; and ere the journey is half done its records tell only of incessant activity, nerves that are almost robust, spirits that ignore depression, an observation to which nothing comes amiss. Of the impressions obtained in these seasons of refreshment many lively transcripts appeared among the Foreign Correspondence of the 'Athenæum,' in much of which, addressed from Italy, Germany, France, or Holland, Chorley's hand will be readily traced. They are, for the most part, elaborated from the rough notes entered in his journals at the time, occasionally, perhaps, at the expense of the original freshness.* The letter in the 'Athe-

* His casual observations are often humorously pithy, as when he sums up his impression of an Italian crowd—"Much garlic and little soap."

næum' of September 2nd, 1846, headed "A Royal Bringing-home," which describes the picturesque entry of the Princess Olga of Russia into Stuttgart, on her marriage with the Crown Prince of Wurtemburg, is one of the most graphic. In the 'Athenæum' too will be found many of the sonnets and lyrics of which a plentiful crop was always produced at these times. The year of revolutions, 1848, when his mind was deeply moved, and, I think, a little needlessly alarmed, by the aspect of Europe, was very prolific in these outbursts of feeling; but the success attained in their expression was not greater than usually attends the translation of politics into poetry.

More worthy of preservation—not on account of their literary merit, which is inconsiderable, but because they are characterised by the playful fancy that was habitual to him in his brighter moods—are the letters in verse addressed from abroad to two or three of his intimate friends. An extract from one of the best of these (inserted entire in "Music

and Manners") has already been given (vol. i. p. 339). Another, of which Lady Blessington was the subject as well as the recipient, contains a few good verses. It accompanied a pipe-bowl, painted with her portrait, which he had happened to meet with in Switzerland :—

"'Tis charming, wheresoe'er I go—
  Whether my track through fickle France is,
Or 'neath the Splugen's crags and snow,
By Como's lake I learn to know
  The land of lemons and romances—

. . . . . .

To meet your face, to hear your name;
  Nay—where the North lone wastes discloses,
And daylight's but a blubber-flame,
Dull Esquimaux repeat the same
  In intervals of rubbing noses.

Grim boors delight your face to see,
  By Don and Dnieper, Drave and Dwina;
And long-eyed Yang or prim Pee-Lee,
Simpering above their yellow tea,
  Praise your smooth picture on their china.

. . . . . .

Westward, enchanting stone and stock,
  You hold all Congress fast in fetters;
And Jonathan, in citron frock,
Carves 'Blessington' on every rock,
  And for a county sells her letters.

'Tis well, 'tis fit this should be so,
  For is 't not, sure, a sacred duty,
That heart like yours o'er Earth should go
On angel mission, to and fro,
  Thus symbolled by its outward beauty?

. . . . . .

Then take, nor scorn this humble clay,
  In vulgar guise a truth expressing,
That even in our ungrateful day,
Mankind, for all the cynics say,
  Still know the value of a blessing."

'*Twixt* ZURICH *and* BRUGG, *Oct.* 5, 1841.

A similar missive to Kenyon, in 1848, accompanying a present of Westphalian wine-cheeses, told him not to infer from their diminutive size that they were the product of

"fairy cows,
For Mustard's fun-day feast bespoken,"

since they were prosaically churned by

"bumpkins holding abbey-lands
In rich Westphalia's swinish dairies.

In Monastery's fattest field
  The kingcups grew their milk which yellowed,
And the deep bells of Munster pealed
  Above the press where they were mellowed.

For, lack-a-day!—though Bishop's seat
  Was filled sometimes by scoundrel arrant,
For every succulent receipt
  His rubric was a certain warrant.

Since of their best the anointed folk
  Did pond, and croft, and covert rifle,
Till genial Luther's trumpet spoke,
  And won for layman too his trifle.

Now, since departed is the day
  When cates for priestly maws were coffered,
To whom than Kenyon's self, I pray,
  More fitly could be relish offered?

Despising Bigots' sty and stall,
  'Gainst Pope and King no rabid stormer;
Genial as purplest Cardinal,
  Yet, to the core, a staunch Reformer."

In the letters addressed to his friends in Liverpool, the sense of delight and profit which Chorley derived from these holiday tours is expressed in homelier prose. Here is an extract from one that describes his first impressions of Italy, which he entered by the plains of Lombardy :—

"The mulberry-trees, festooned by vines—so many Dryads' hands all round in a choral dance — are like things on an old frieze. Then there is the maize; and there are the *dour*, enormous, white bullocks, plunging and plodding on their way, with a disproportionately small load behind them;

and again and again, face after face and form after form to be encountered among the roadside peasantry that help (without affectation) to make one positively drunk with beauty. I knew Italy well before I saw it; but it has a foison of everything rich and goodly which no preconception can give. I do not know what is henceforth to become of my hunger and thirst for colour; but this I do know, that no life is complete without the eye having once had its feast here."

Writing to another friend after his Italian tour of 1845, he says: "I am almost afraid to boast of health and strength, but never had so much cause as at the present moment. What I did in Italy seems almost fabulous on looking back to it, but for the two thick journals which assure me that 'in the body or out of the body,' as the Swedenborgians say, I *did* walk over the Stelvio, and (even a harder exercise) that I *did* stand some ten hours a day on my feet in the Florence churches and galleries. These are, perhaps,

the only pleasures (besides the remembered intercourse of friends) of which nothing save the loss of faculties can deprive one, since they bring no after regrets as to the expenditure of time, money, or the like; and, for one leading a life like mine, they are very precious as stores of material, illustration, &c., &c. It was rather tantalizing to be so near Rome, but, D.V., one will take other journeys. How often I thought of you among the pictures I won't pretend to tell you. I was very favourably circumstanced for enjoying them in some respects; a sort of committee of English artists* having gone to Florence to study the varieties of the old fresco painters, with whom I went about a good deal, taking care, moreover, to get *some* solitary observation; since, after a while of such companionship, one is dangerously apt to find one's self *leavened* with prejudices and distinctions more technical than poetical; and, however needful training be, there is such a

* The artists mentioned by name in his journals of this tour are Mr. Cope, Mr. Horsley, and Mr. Richmond.

thing as private judgment — the throwing one's self loose of which, ends in the *cant*, not the sincerity, of admiration. And nowadays especially, the immoderate fashion for the very earliest schools of art seems to me very apt to mislead and narrow one. It is not very easy work to keep one's ears very wide open to all enthusiasts, and afterwards to see with one's *very own* eyes."

One of his journeys, the most enjoyed at the time, was the most mournful in retrospect—that of 1847, when he spent a few days at Interlachen, where Mendelssohn had gone to recover from the severe shock occasioned by the death of his sister, Madame Hensel. The composer's last letter to Chorley is thence dated, and though its strict connection is with the musical topics adverted to in another chapter, may be more fitly inserted here.

"Hotel en Interlachen.*
"19th July, 1847.

"MY DEAR CHORLEY,

"I write these lines to thank you for the letter I found here, and to beg *you* will not grow tired with being bored with my projects. The thing came thus: while I passed through Zurich, Mr. Herrmann had a conversation with me, told me that they wanted something of my music for the opening of their new room, and added that he was sure you would feel interested in the matter, and as to the poetry, would either write it or, at least, give your advice, &c., &c. Of course nothing could be more agreeable to me than this intelligence; but pray believe me, that I would not have made him write to you without his having begun to talk of it, and this just for the same reasons with which you begin your letter to me. Well, then, be that as it may, have many thanks for your letter, and for the advice it contains. I shall read Wordsworth's poem as soon as I can get it,

* Inscribed by Chorley, "The last letter I had from him."

and, perhaps, I shall hear of other ideas from you. For the present moment, I am not yet able to think seriously of new projects and of new music. The very sad time I have just passed is still so much connected with all my ideas, that I can only begin by degrees to go on with my life and music as I was accustomed to do. This is also the reason that I did not yet write to you and thank you for the opera-sketch, which I read and re-read several times, and liked it very much, and am almost sure that something must be made of it; but in happier days, if God is willing! Excuse these *nichts-sagende* lines, but I wanted not to leave your letter or your kindness without an answer and without my thanks. Always yours very truly,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

Chorley's visit occurred about a month after the receipt of this letter. In his "Modern German Music" (Vol. ii., pp. 383–400) he has chronicled these "last days of Mendelssohn" with genuine pathos. The composer's

worn and aged aspect, the forebodings of death which were haunting his mind, the fitful bursts of hope and energy which alternated with these moods of depression, as he discussed the various projects referred to in the foregoing letter,* combined with the brightness and beauty of the season and the scene, to leave an impression on Chorley's mind too vivid "for a topic, or a trait, or a characteristic expression to be forgotten." The last day which they spent together at Ringgenberg, a hamlet by the lake of Brienz, in the little church of which Mendelssohn played the organ to him for nearly an hour, was thenceforth a sacred memory. The following sonnet, written while the associations of time and place were still fresh, attests how little he anticipated that his friend's forebodings would be realised :—

"Are there not spots like relics we adore
In happy Memory's most hallowed cell?
Are there not hours which leave on us the spell
Of light and pleasantness for evermore?

---

* Wordsworth's "Ode on the Power of Sound," which Chorley had suggested as suitable for a cantata, is the poem alluded to.

There is a little church upon the shore
Of a Swiss lake, whence the unlooked-for swell
Of music, heard one autumn day, could tell
Of such a haunt and such an hour in store.
The rocky stair, o'ergrown with fern and flower—
The pealing organ in its gilded frame—
And he who struck the keys with poet's power,
Till living music rolled abroad like flame—
Make up delight without an after-blame,
And in the wreath of joy one bright and perfect flower."

Mendelssohn's death occurred within a month or two after Chorley's return to England. He records the blow (Nov. 19th, 1847) as having 'almost shaken me loose of all 'interest to come in music. I think, take him 'for all in all, he was the most perfect artist-'musician whom the world has seen. . . . He 'had everything—fame, fortune, freshness of 'spirit—was as good as he was great.'* Writing to Liverpool at the close of the year, he says: "This has been a *very hard* autumn. I suffered much indeed from the loss of my dear friend Mendelssohn, to whom I was personally much attached, and with whom I

* A more elaborate estimate of his friend's character and genius, from Chorley's pen, is prefixed to Lady Wallace's translation of "Letters from Italy and Switzerland," published in 1864.

had spent two of his last *well* days in Switzerland in September. We were to have gone to Liverpool together next autumn, for the opening of the New Philharmonic Concert-room." This loss was the heaviest that had befallen him since the death of Mr. Benson Rathbone, and was the more keenly felt that Mendelssohn was within a few months of his own age, and that both had looked forward with mutual sympathy to the prospect of linking their names in connection with the art which was the common object of their love.

The future was dark with other clouds, but the present was brightened by pleasures of no mean order. The list of distinguished persons, English and foreign, with whom during these years Chorley was on terms of good-fellowship, as yet falling short of friendship, but extending in a greater or less degree to the interchange of intellectual sympathy, might easily be made a long one. Reserving reference to those eminent in the world of music for another chapter, I need only name

a few of the best known among men and women of letters:—Mr. Carlyle, Charles Dickens, Mr. Milnes (Lord Houghton), Douglas Jerrold, M. Tourgueneff, Herr Freiligrath, Miss Martineau, and Mrs. Jameson. Of his relations with Jerrold I have already spoken, and shall have to say more of his acquaintance with Dickens when it ripened into intimacy. With the four last named in this list Chorley was in the habit of corresponding, and was appealed to more than once for kind offices, which brought the writers and himself into closer accord. No one was readier to lend such friendly aid as he was able, whenever it was needed. Literary services were those most commonly asked of and rendered by him. Occasionally he was called upon to undertake the responsibility of becoming *chaperon* to a promising aspirant in literature or art. The tragic story of one such tyro who was intrusted to his care is narrated in the following passage of reminiscence. The circumstances occurred in 1845.

'One of my most pathetic recollections has

'to do with the life and death of a young man
'who came up to London to busy himself in
'literature as I had done, fuller of dreams,
'however, than of powers for their fulfilment.
'He was committed to me by Miss Martineau,
'with whom I was then an habitual cor-
'respondent, and who must be always com-
'memorated with esteem and regard, howso-
'ever capricious her prejudices have proved,
'as one eager to promote what seemed right
'to herself and what was helpful to others.
'The list of those whom she befriended sub-
'stantially, without any vanity concerned in
'it, would be a long one. Among others
'was poor Mr. Langtree. I may name him
'because I have reason to believe that he had
'not a relative or kinsman whom he could
'claim in any part of the world. A brother,
'his only one, had set out to Australia, there
'to make his fortune. The ship was never
'heard of more.

'It possessed this youth, as it has done
'others before him, to come up to London
'and maintain himself by his pen. There

'were indications in his writing that, with 'time and patience to abide the struggle, he 'might have done so, however slenderly, and 'the more, because he was patient, modest, 'industrious, and not vexed by the terrible 'demon of self-assertion, which has wrought 'such fearful havoc in the lives and fortunes 'of self-accepted men of genius. He was 'making his way quietly, and doing the best 'he could to cultivate himself and enrich his 'stores of thought and knowledge, when his 'health suddenly and ominously failed him. 'He was sitting with me in the twilight one 'summer evening, when he was suddenly 'stricken down by a warning beyond mistake, 'the symptoms of consumption in its worst 'form. I did what I could for the moment, 'but it was clearly a bad case—frightful and 'costly illness of a man without friends and 'without resource.

'In those days there was an establishment 'in the New Road (now closed),—"The 'Sanatorium," originally organised by Dr. 'Southwood Smith, where, for a moderate

'payment, invalids, averse to the publicity of
'hospitals, could receive care and medical
'treatment. Poor Langtree was placed there;
'and I cannot now (the story is one of many
'years ago) recollect without emotion how
'he was sustained there during many weary
'months of decay. But among others of
'the few who were as ready as they were
'abundant to help him was my dear, genial
'friend, John Kenyon. I may name him, for
'he is now no more. And I must not forget
'how my own servant, a Bavarian, who went
'to and fro of his own unsolicited accord,
'established near the sick youth's bedside
'one of his own treasures—a wooden clock
'from the Black Forest, to tell the poor
'fading man the hours as they went on. The
'heart grows full and the eyes dim as one
'recalls these things. The generosity of
'every one, great or small, about this poor,
'dying, almost nameless man, is a thing never
'to be forgotten.

'The end came after a long time of weari-
'ness and prostration. The poor fellow died,

'and was laid in the Marylebone burial-
'ground, not in a pauper grave, but with a
'stone over his remains, to tell any one who
'might haply come to inquire for him where
'was his place of rest. I walked behind the
'body to the grave on a bright sunny morn-
'ing, the only mourner. Anything more
'strange and more sad I cannot recall.'

Among the literary acquaintances made at this period, whose characters Chorley had opportunities of studying without feeling any inducement to convert them into friends, was the poet Campbell. They had first met in 1837, when Chorley describes him as 'a little
'man, with a shrewd eye, and a sort of peda-
'goguish, *parboiled* voice; plenty to say for
'himself, especially about other people, and
'not restrained from saying whatever seemed
'good to him by any caution; speaking with
'a violent antipathy of Theodore Hook (by-
'the-way, the *new* editor of the 'New Monthly
'Magazine'), and yet not more violently
'than the latter deserves; dressing up his
'good stories, and looking about him while he

'*did them*, with the unmistakeable air of a 'diner-out, which is so amusing—more amus-'ing, by the way, than agreeable. To myself 'he was very complaisant.' What else Chorley knew and thought of Campbell is told in the following sketch :—

'It would be hard to name an English poet 'of greater refinement and sweetness, alter-'nating with outbreaks of the most manly 'vigour and high heroic spirit, than Thomas 'Campbell. It would be equally hard to 'name an author of any country whose per-'sonality was more entirely at variance with 'his poetry than his—at least, during the 'second half of his life. A man, be his habits 'what they may, does not deteriorate uniformly 'and steadily from every promise and sign of 'grace which he may have shown in earlier 'years, without showing, from time to time, 'some flashes of the olden brightness, let them 'be ever so few and far between. What I saw 'and knew of Campbell, at least, made it very 'hard to credit the possibility of there having 'been days much better essentially. If such

'had been the case, his latter state was not
'one so much of enfeeblement as of metamor-
'phosis—of what was pure having become
'gross—of what was intellectual and appre-
'ciative losing itself in a prosy and common-
'place stupidity.

'I first heard of him when he was deliver-
'ing his lectures on Poetry at Liverpool, more
'than forty years ago. The extent to which
'these were overrated, in consequence of the
'beauty, power, and finish of the poet's
'poetry, only revealed itself when the poet's
'prose came to be published. They are as
'completely forgotten to-day as if they had
'never been—the fate, perhaps, of all lectures;
'but Campbell was prodigiously lionised in
'circles which, I have always felt, were too
'prone to lionise. How all ease, grace, and
'nature of intercourse are destroyed by the
'extravagance of social idolatry; how talk
'for effect must be the consequence of

"Wonder with a foolish face of praise,"

'have been truths as clear as day to me, ever

'since I was in a case to observe and com-
'pare. Then, I could but stare, as a very
'young boy, and remark how the best, and
'most refined, and most beautiful of men and
'women laid themselves at the lecturer's feet.
'Of himself, at that time, I recollect nothing;
'but he must have had something, in show,
'at least, better to offer in return than the
'gifts and graces displayed by him later in
'London—the paltry conversation, when it
'was not coarsened by convivial excesses to a
'point which would not to-day be endured,
'were the poet thrice as god-like as he was.
'In fact, as years went on, Campbell slipped
'out of society as steadily as though he had
'been a false prophet, and not the author of
'"The Pleasures of Hope," "Hohenlinden,"
'"The Battle of the Baltic," "Ye Mariners
'of England," "The Exile of Erin," "O'Con-
'nor's Child," and "The Last Man"—poems
'which will endure so long as a single lover
'of imperishable thought, feeling and fancy,
'enshrined in most musical verse, shall be
'left in England. Their spell is strong now,

'even in this age of jargon, this time when
'"whitings' eyes" by so many are permitted
'to pass as "pearls."

'He was my neighbour in Victoria Square,
'Pimlico, during the last years passed by
'him in England, and was willing to bestow
'much of his leisure on a poetaster so much
'younger a man as I was. I can hardly de-
'scribe how painful it was to be sought by
'one whose notice should have been such an
'honour, but whom it was hardly possible for
'youthful fastidiousness and want of charity
'to endure as a companion. It was woeful,
'weary work, unredeemed, so far as I recol-
'lect, by one passing flash of the spirit which
'had shone with such brilliancy and beauty in
'the verse; and great was the relief when he
'withdrew from London;—to die, in all but
'utter neglect, at Boulogne.

'One friend, however, Campbell retained,
'who believed in and ministered to him till
'the end came—the friend, as I have grateful
'reason to commemorate, of many more ob-
'scure literary men—Dr. Beattie, himself an

'author of modest pretensions, and who, in 'the fulness of sincere admiration, wrote the 'only English biography of the poet which 'has appeared. It must not be forgotten, 'when writing about Campbell, that the poet 'of "The Pleasures of Hope," like the poet 'of "The Pleasures of Memory," was from 'first to last fond of children. So it should 'be with those alike who look forward or look 'back.'

The concluding years of this section of Chorley's life registered a succession of sorrows, by which retrospect and prospect alike were darkened. In 1844 occurred a second misadventure in love, more serious than the first—the rejection of what I believe was the only offer of marriage he ever made. As the lady is probably still living, nothing can here be added to the bare mention of the fact. Suffice it that, though the disappointment was a very severe one, his subsequent relations with the author of it were frank and unembittered. The literary failures and musical perplexities elsewhere adverted to were not

calculated to remove his depression; though, compared with the troubles which followed, they were but passing clouds. In 1847, occurred the death of Mendelssohn; that of Maule in 1850. The next blow fell amidst his own family, with whom he had of late been in constant intercourse; his mother and sister having removed from Liverpool in 1845, and at this time residing with his brother John, in Chester Square. The sister, to whom he was tenderly attached, was here stricken with disease, an affection of the spine, which for the rest of her life — more than twelve years—rendered her a hopeless cripple. His mother was spared the pain of witnessing the protraction of this suffering, as her death occurred in the autumn of 1851, during Chorley's absence from England.

The exceptionally morbid tone of his journals attests how heavily the burden of these calamities pressed upon his health and spirits. An increase in his income, which resulted from his mother's death, brought some alleviation in "the sense of easier for-

tunes." This was followed by a change of residence, which operated as a healthy distraction from the past, and inaugurated a brighter future. The events of the twenty years which he spent in Eaton Place West must be narrated in another chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

Musical criticism between 1841 and 1851—Recognition of his influence—Mercenary propositions—Letter from Meyerbeer—Employment as a librettist—Disappointments and vexations—Intimacies with M. Liszt and Madame Viardot—Chopin—Sonnet on his death—Berlioz—Mr. Hullah's system of vocal instruction—Relations between artists and critics—A *protégé*.

THE chapter devoted to the consideration of Chorley's earlier career as a musical critic has necessarily anticipated much that strictly belongs to the history of his later life. To the observations there made upon the general characteristics of his professional workmanship, nothing material need here be added. Whatever increase of acumen may be discernible in the average tone of his judgments in the 'Athenæum' at this period is not of a nature to commend itself to the apprehension

of untrained eyes, and I shall not risk the failure of attempting to indicate it. That he had by this time become a "power" in the musical world is sufficiently evident. The position of antagonism which he felt bound to occupy in reference to the system of operatic "puffery," and other devices of musical mismanagement, for awhile brought him nothing but obloquy; but he was not long in discovering how his assaults had told. That the enemy's confession of defeat took a mercenary form is not surprising. One entry in his journal chronicles the receipt of an offer from the manager of the opera-house whose system he had most persistently denounced, that he should undertake to translate the *libretti*. The tenor of his answer may be surmised from the contemptuous comment which follows: 'As 'clumsy a device to stop a mouth as has often 'been attempted.' Another entry recounts a visit from a musician of some celebrity, known to him as interested in a concert scheme set up in opposition to one which the 'Athenæum' had recently condemned. 'After a profusion

'of compliments, this person had the insolence 'to ask me,' says Chorley, 'to write a letter to 'the editor of the 'Athenæum,' thanking 'him, in the name of the profession, for the 'spirited, &c., &c.—to *myself* in short! And 'on my shrinking back, really hardly knowing 'whether I should show disgust or diversion, 'added—"You know it would be *in confi-* '"*dence!*"' What has been elsewhere said respecting the *status* of artistic journalism when Chorley entered its ranks, receives unsavoury confirmation from the foregoing illustrations.

The tone of scornful independence that he maintained on such occasions as these was not calculated to make him popular in the lower circles of the profession with which he was brought in contact; nor was the attitude he assumed towards the outer world a whit more conciliatory. During the "Lind fever" of 1847 especially, his candour in raising a single voice of protest against the "chorus of idolatry," which ignored the existence of any defects in the public favourite, and forbade the discussion of any other claims than hers,

brought upon him, to adopt his own words, 'such ignominy as belongs to the idiotic 'slanderer. Old and seemingly solid friend-'ships were broken for ever in that year.'* The courage with which he "defied the opprobrium his honest dealings raised"† has at last obtained recognition; but there can be no doubt that for some years his neutrality—between unscrupulousness on the one hand and partisanship on the other—was a position of extreme discomfort.

Occasionally, however, he received proof of the most unexceptionable kind, that the discrimination with which he meted out praise and censure gave them real value in the estimation of competent judges. The following letter from Meyerbeer scarcely requires any antecedent explanation. The opera referred to is "Le Prophète," of which, on its production at the Grand Opera in Paris, Chorley had written an elaborate review ('Athenæum,' April 21st,

* "Thirty Years' Musical Recollections," vol. i. p. 304.

† "Musical Recollections of the last Half Century" (1872), vol. ii. p. 201.

1849). On hearing from his brother-critic, Mr. Grüneisen, that Meyerbeer was under the impression it had been unfavourable, Chorley wrote to undeceive him, and received this in reply:

"MONSIEUR,

"J'ai lu la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'adresser avec un double plaisir: d'abord parcequ'elle exprime des sentiments si bienveillants et si aimables pour ma personne et mon dernier ouvrage à l'opéra; et puis parcequ'elle m'apprend que j'étais dans l'erreur en croyant le contraire. Je comprends malheureusement trop peu l'anglais pour le lire seul. J'avais donc prié une personne de ma connaissance de me donner un aperçu de votre article dans 'l'Athenæum,' désireux que j'étais de connaître le jugement d'un critique aussi éclairé et aussi éminent que vous, monsieur. C'est d'après l'aperçu qui m'en a été donné que j'ai dû croire que l'article était très-défavorable, et que j'ai émis cette opinion envers Monsieur Grüneisen: j'ai donc été bien

heureux d'apprendre par votre lettre que mon traducteur n'a pas bien saisi le véritable sens de votre article, car justement parceque j'ai la plus haute estime de vos écrits et de votre jugement musical, monsieur, j'aurais été d'autant plus peiné de ne pas avoir su gagner votre approbation.

" Permettez-moi de profiter de cette occasion pour vous faire mes excuses de ne pas vous avoir rendu la visite que vous avez bien voulu me faire à Paris. Mais j'étais alors si occupé par les répétitions et les travaux qui s'y rattachaient que je n'avais pas un moment de libre. Mais voyageurs comme nous le sommes tous les deux, j'ai l'espoir que nous [nous] rencontrerons bientôt de nouveaux quelque part, pour pouvoir avoir le plaisir de vous exprimer de vive voix les sentiments affectueux et de haute estime avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être,

" Monsieur,

" Votre très-dévoué

" MEYERBEER.

" Paris, le 8 mai, 1841."

The offer of a commission to translate opera *libretti*, as above mentioned, was made to Chorley towards the close of this section of his career, and after he had already obtained some distinction as a writer for the musical drama. The conditions under which such a writer labours exempt his work from ordinary criticism, and relegate it to a province of technical literature governed by laws of its own. If it conform to these—whatever be its worth in other respects—he may be held to have achieved success. That Chorley's *libretti*, original and translated, fulfilled the requisite condition of adaptability to the music for which he wrote them, may be reasonably inferred from the increasing number of his commissions. His first undertaking was to dramatize George Sand's "L'Uscoque," his version of which was subsequently adapted to an opera by Mr. (now Sir Julius) Benedict. This was followed by a *libretto* for the same composer's opera of "Red-Beard," translations of Mercadante's "Elena da Feltre," Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio Segreto," Herold's "Zampa,"

Donizetti's "Fille du Régiment," Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride," Auber's "Haydée" and Mendelssohn's "Son and Stranger," a version of "The Amber Witch" for an opera by the late Vincent Wallace, and an original operetta called "White Magic," for Signor Biletta. "The May Queen," a cantata written for music by Dr. Sterndale Bennett, the words for several songs by Moscheles, Balfe, Mr. Hullah, Sir J. Benedict, Mr. Barnett, and others, were also the product of these years.* Of this number, however, only a few works saw the light. The reputation for uncertainty proverbially attaching to all enterprises connected with the stage was never more justified than by the events of this period of its annals. For one success there were three failures; and Chorley's destiny usually associated him with the latter. The detailed history of these mis-

* Two or three songs by these composers, in the success of which he must be credited with a share, still retain popularity; *e.g.*, Loder's "Song of the Oak," Benedict's "By the sad Sea Waves," and Wallace's "Fireside Song." The two first are of somewhat earlier date than the period here referred to.

fortunes, however interesting to those concerned in them, would be tedious enough to the generality of readers, and may be briefly dismissed. The collapse of Charles Kemble's management at Covent Garden was followed by that of Bunn, and his by that of Jullien at Drury Lane. Chorley was a sufferer on each occasion—severely on the last, which involved the loss, not only of all his labour, but the greater part of his remuneration. More annoying to him, however, than either failure or loss seems to have been the forced entanglement in theatrical intrigues which his commissions entailed. Specially distasteful were his dealings with Bunn, his opinion of whom is graphically expressed in one entry of his journal:

'I never undertook anything with greater 'disgust (a *soupçon* of curiosity intermingled 'therewith) than my interview with that 'arch-blackguard, Bunn, on Monday, to see if 'it were possible to arrange matters. He had 'been burning pastilles in his room. I 'thought of the devil getting up incense to 'overcome the smell of brimstone.'

However irritated by these vexations at the time, Chorley had, happily, too much manly stuff in his temperament to over-estimate their importance; and, as another entry in his journal shows, was not of the number of those who

> "think the rustic cackle of their bourg
> The murmur of the world."

Late in the year 1848, he writes:

'Attacked by some of the musical folk, 'with their petty squabbles, grievances, and '*miseries*, just as if the world were not in such 'a desperate plight as it is—with every chance 'that ere long there may be no room for 'music in it!'

The animosities referred to seem to have been confined to the lower ranks of the profession. Among its leading members his acquaintance was very large at this time, his relations with most of them being amicable, and in two or three cases cordially intimate. Next to Mendelssohn, among his male friends, was M. Liszt, whom he had known since the latter's visit to England in 1840; much cor-

respondence and repeated meetings on the Continent in succeeding years having ripened their mutual regard. Foremost among Chorley's Parisian friends was Madame Viardot, for whom his personal esteem was equal to his admiration of her genius. The memorials that he has preserved of his intercourse with both are full of interest, and well entitled, at a future time, to the publicity which cannot now be given them.

Among the acquaintance introduced to him by Madame Viardot was M. Gounod, of whom, in 1850 and subsequent years, he saw and heard much, and of whose future renown he entertained from the first a profound conviction. The substance of many persistently repeated predictions upon this point is condensed into an entry in his journal of March, 1850: 'It was a great pleasure to me in Paris 'to add to my list of sensations Gounod, of 'whom the world will one day hear as *the* 'composer, or else H. F. C. is much mistaken.'

In Paris, too, between 1847 and 1849, Chorley cultivated his acquaintance with

Chopin, of whom, however, he has left no record, beyond merely general expressions of gratification at their intimacy, and the following sonnet, written soon after the composer's death, after a protracted illness, in October, 1849.* It commemorates, with much grace and pathos, the writer's admiration for the artist and regret for the man.

CHOPIN.

Like to the murmur of a weary stream,
  Like to the dance of yellow leaves that fall
  Fantastically slow,—like to the call
Of spirit to far spirit in a dream,
Thy music —save by times, when joyous theme
  Of clarion-note blown from a castle wall,
  Or pageant dance for Southern carnival—
Bade through the shadow pomp and pleasure beam.
  Years wore, and years—and paler burned the light,
And lower, softer breathed the dying song;
Thus fainteth day, gray willow-banks among,
  So gently that we know not when 'tis night.
  O, who dare mourn the loss of our delight,
Pain was so earnest and Decay so long!

Of another French musician of genius, the late Hector Berlioz, Chorley saw a good deal

* See also the obituary notice in the 'Athenæum' of 27th October.

at this period, but without feeling much sympathy either with himself or his works. Of the former, we have a glimpse in the following journal-entry of November, 1847:—'Berlioz dined here on Wednesday, before 'going to the "Elijah." What a different 'nature (from Mendelssohn's), and how strong 'the bitter drop in him! I have seen few 'who tell a sarcastic anecdote with greater 'gusto. He enjoyed the tale of ——, the 'journalist, being thrashed in the Palais-Royal 'by some infuriate person outraged by his 'blame or praise, as heartily as poor M. used 'to enjoy some merry joke for its own in-'trinsic whimsicality.'

Of his music Chorley writes: 'I have been 'looking over the scores of some of this music 'by Berlioz, in which, as in the case of his '"Episode d'une Vie d'Artiste," his design to 'me seems clear enough, but the dressing-up 'of it affectedly complicated. The figure is 'complete, but commonplace; its clothing is 'queer—cuffs up at the elbow, ruffles round 'the waist, a buckle where buckle never was

'before, and feathers on the shoes! In short 'an elaborate use of topsy-turvy principles, 'which I must hear proved to be good ere I 'can accept them as such.'

A few years later, when they met in Weimar, where Berlioz had come to attend the performance of his "Benvenuto Cellini," a similar impression was produced on Chorley's mind :—

'Betwixt bitter criticism,' he writes, 'un-'wholesome private relations, and arrogant 'disregard of musical study in his early years, 'this poor Berlioz has got himself into a 'thoroughly painful and exceptional attitude, 'musical and moral. I felt the tale of his 'wrangles with the Grand Opera, detailed 'with such extreme gusto, emphasis and 'vitriolic spirit, at supper (after the rehearsal 'of the "Benvenuto"), to be something too 'miserable for a grown man to descant on. 'There is a falseness and an impurity, a con-'scious insufficiency in his proceedings, which 'stand betwixt him and distinction in his art. '. . . I like the "Benvenuto" much better

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'than I had conceived possible. Brightness 'of orchestration I had expected, but not so 'much beauty of idea, or tangible symmetry 'of form. It is terribly overwrought, but 'richer in fancy than I had thought it would 'be; some of the instrumentation is delicious. 'But alas! one hears the arrogant, resisting 'man, that I have described, in every note 'of it.'

The two great instrumentalists of this period, Thalberg and Ernst, were also among Chorley's associates, and the latter in frequent correspondence with him;* but there is not sufficient individuality in his reminiscences of either to justify their insertion here.

His active co-operation with Mr. Hullah, as already mentioned, in the task of establishing in this country the popular system of vocal

* Under a portrait of himself, which Ernst presented to Chorley, are inscribed a few bars of "The Erl-King," followed by the words

"Rappelez-vous quelquefois le Roi des aulnes. Moi je n'oublierai jamais le Roley-Poley.

"Souvenir d'amitié et de reconnaissance.

"H. W. Ernst.

"Londres, 13 juillet, 1844."

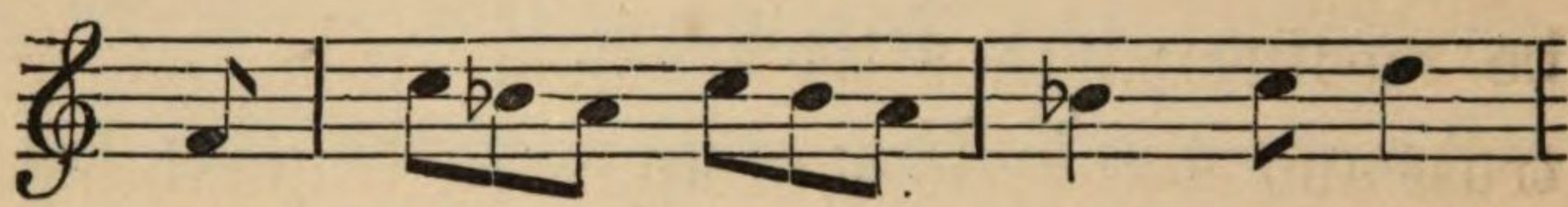
instruction with which that gentleman's name is honourably associated, often brought them into friendly contact. Few events in his musical life gave Chorley more satisfaction than the part he took in this movement, and the success which attended it.

Among the leading singers of the time, his list of acquaintance included Mdlle. Lind (Madame Goldschmidt). The following note from Mendelssohn was probably the medium of introduction :

"MY DEAR CHORLEY,

"When I got to Frankfort I felt so homesick (is that a word?) that I could not wait, and hurried back to Leipsic, and here I am, and found all well, and very happy and thankful I am! This is a letter to Jenny Lind, which I beg you will give her if she comes to Frankfort, and if she should *not* come pray send it, *poste restante, to Munich* for her. I ask her to sing something to you at her piano, where I like her still better than on the stage and in the concert-room, and I hope

you will like her as well as I do, and that is a great deal. And now — *auf Wiedersehen!* *auf Wiedersehen!* and have a happy journey, and a happy *Rückkehr* and remember me, your old Hamlet and friend,



"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

"Leipsic, 23 Sept. 1846."

These intimacies with the leading members of the profession of which he was an habitual censor were enjoyed for their own sake, and without inducing him to concede an iota of his critical independence. It was only with those who were content to accept his friendship unreservedly that he cared to mix. The canons by which, in his opinion, the relations between artist and critic should be regulated are thus summed up in a passage of his "Modern German Music;" and his practice seems to have been uniformly in accordance with his theory:

. . . "A desire to merit honest and

well-reasoned praise does not mean that melancholy ante-chamber work of prostration and propitiation to the coarse and the venal, which some had hoped died with the death of the old-world aristocratic patronage. It should be recollected that those whom artists really trust and esteem do not require such humbling civilities; that the critic moves the most freely, lives the most happily, and performs his task the most uprightly, when the privacy of his reserve is respected, and when no man approaches him to insinuate into his mouth his own hopes and fears, his own words and thoughts, concerning himself and his works. Beyond this, by the slightest interference, do artists trammel and vitiate that private discussion and interchange of opinion which might, on both sides, be so valuable and interesting."—(Vol. ii. p. 70.)

But while he had nothing to concede or to demand for himself in his musical friendships, he was not less willing than able to turn them to account for the benefit of others. An instance in point belongs to the narrative of

these years. A Sicilian gentleman, of considerable natural gift as a singer, whom complicity in the revolutions of 1848–9 had deprived of fortune and driven into exile, was recommended to his kind offices. Writing to his friend at Liverpool on the subject, Chorley says: 'I have had the wondrous good fortune 'of being able to put him (Signor M——) in 'the way of the very highest and most costly 'professional training gratuitously. You can-'not have an idea how munificent the best 'artists are. And so, to make him fit to profit 'to the utmost by such a rare advantage, I 'am "guider," as they say in the colleges, 'and we go on for about an hour a day read-'ing music at sight.'

The successful *début* of his *protégé* was the gratifying result of such substantial kindness. That this was not the only instance of the kind, I believe there are persons living who can testify.

CHAPTER X.

Literary life from 1852 to 1872—Critical labours in 'Athenæum'—Changes observable in tone—Severity to works of friends—Discernment—Letter from Mr. Procter—Letters from Nathaniel and Mrs. Hawthorne—Versatility—Examples—Reviews of Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Wilkie Collins, and Mr. Coventry Patmore—Dramatic authorship—"The Love-lock"—"Duchess Eleanour"—Analysis and extracts—Publishes "Roccabella"—Analysis and extracts—Letters from Dickens and Hawthorne—Dedication to Mrs. Browning—Letter from Mr. Browning—Translation of "Fairy Gold"—Biographical sketch of Mendelssohn—Lyrics—"Alone"—Publishes "The Prodigy"—Edits Miss Mitford's Letters—Engaged on autobiography until his death.

No material change occurred in Chorley's literary connection with the 'Athenæum' down to the year 1866, when he ceased to contribute upon other than musical subjects. A fair proportion of the best works in belles-lettres issued during these years seems to have been assigned to him for review. Haw-

thorne's "Blithedale Romance" and "Transformation;" Dickens' "Bleak House" and "Our Mutual Friend;" Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," "Poems Before Congress," and "Last Poems;' Mr. Browning's "Men and Women;" Mr. Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" and "Modern Painters" (vols. iii. and iv.); Thackeray's "English Humourists" and "Philip;" Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" and "Wives and Daughters;" Miss Procter's "Legends and Lyrics;" Béranger's "Last Songs;" Mr. Morris's "Defence of Guenevere;" Dr. Holmes's "Professor at the Breakfast-table;" Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables;" and the tales of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, may be named—without attempt at assortment—as among the most memorable. Though certain changes may, I think, be discerned in the tone of his later criticism, as compared with that of former years, they are rather due to the exaggeration of old than the acquisition of new features. In two essential characteristics, his prompt recognition of genius and fine tact in selection, there is no apparent diminution.

On the other hand, there is an obvious increase of severity in his censure, a *soupçon* of intolerance in his invective; while his style is marked by a persistent mannerism more easily recognised than defined, its prominent signs being an excessive use of illustrative detail, and a preference for parentheses and dashes as substitutes for punctuation.

A literary critic may be justified in exercising any amount of judicial sternness when the interests of morals or of Art are concerned, but oversteps his province and misuses his power when he disparages a work of art on account of his individual disagreement with the *opinions* to which the artist has given expression. Though not often chargeable with this reproach, Chorley cannot be altogether acquitted of it. His review of Mrs. Browning's "Poems Before Congress," for example,* is severe to the point of asperity; and scarcely any pains are taken to conceal that the political opinions conveyed in them constitute the

* 'Athenæum,' 1860

ground of offence. It is noteworthy, however, as evidence of his honesty of purpose, that some of his harshest criticisms are of books written by his personal friends. The children of a conscientious schoolmaster are apt to find that, in his desire to avoid any imputation of favouritism, he treats them with far greater rigour than their schoolfellows. The analogy is one likely to have suggested itself to some of Chorley's intimates, when they met with ill-fare at his hands, but they did not always give him credit for the motive that actuated it. Miss Mitford's soreness at his unfavourable critique of her "Atherton" provoked her into what he has mildly characterised as a "spurt of temper," but which better deserves to be called an outburst of spite.* In her case, however, literary resentment was not carried so far as to sunder the ties of personal friendship; an extreme which had been reached in his experience, as I have

* See Miss Mitford's "Letters" (2nd series), edited by Chorley, vol. ii. p. 214. The review was not in the 'Athenæum,' but where it appeared I have not ascertained.

heard him deplore. Such demonstrations doubtless bore testimony to the power he was able to wield, but he was glad to be occasionally assured of this in a less violent fashion.

Those who care to turn to the 'Athenæum' of the 5th of June, 1858, will find in his review of Adelaide Procter's first volume of poems, "Legends and Lyrics," an excellent illustration of the accuracy in discernment and felicity in selection to which I have called attention. It brought a note of grateful acknowledgment from Mr. Procter, which, like all his writings, has a touch of character.

"32 Weymouth Street.
"9th June, 1858.

"MY DEAR CHORLEY,

"Your letter followed me into the country, and found me in Northumberland. I did not answer it, for it did not seem to demand any particular answer; but, on reaching London, I read a very kind and graceful notice of Adelaide's book in the 'Athenæum,'

and I refer it to the friendly hand of H. F. C. We are all very much pleased with it. Indeed, several persons have spoken of it as an amiable and graceful notice, bringing out some of the best things that the volume contains with the critic's taste and sagacity. Some of these days you will turn back to your little notice (I mean some fifty years hence) and say, I hope, with that pleasant smile that will become your middle age so well, 'Well, I was right, after all, in giving that child her first lift over the stepping-stones of the world.' *Meminisse juvabit!*

"Yours ever,

"B. W. PROCTER."

Another of Chorley's reviews deserves to be remembered, less on its own account than for the spirited reply which it elicited. For the creative genius of Hawthorne he had always entertained the highest admiration, and was proud, as I have already noted, of having been the first English critic who drew attention to its manifestation in the "Twice-Told

Tales." The novelist's subsequent works had received his lavish praise, both in public and private; especially the "Scarlet Letter," which he commended to a friend at Liverpool as "the most powerful and most painful story of modern times—the only tale in its argument in which the *purity* overtops the *passion*. . . . It has struck me prodigiously; and I think will end in taking a very remarkable place among stories of its quality." This impression of Hawthorne's power was confirmed by the personal intercourse with him elsewhere referred to, the terms of which were extremely cordial. Chorley was therefore disappointed, when a new work by Hawthorne was published soon after their acquaintance had been established, to find himself unable to render it as high a tribute as he had rendered to its predecessors. The shortcomings of "Transformation" were accordingly criticised in the 'Athenæum' of March 3rd, 1860, with some keenness; ample praise being accorded to its subtlety and beauty, but a marked stress laid upon the poverty of

invention which the author had shown in repeating the types of his former fictions: Hilda, for example, being "own cousin" to Phœbe in the "House of the Seven Gables." Other faults, too, were found, whether justly or unjustly matters little, since it was well worth being mistaken to be set right so charmingly. It will be understood that the following letters were written on the same sheet; Mrs. Hawthorne occupying all but the last leaf, which was reserved for her husband.

"My dear Mr. Chorley,

"Why do you run with your fine lance directly into the face of Hilda? You were so fierce and wrathful at being shut out from the mysteries (for which we are all disappointed), that you struck in your spurs and plunged with your visor down. For indeed and in truth Hilda is not Phœbe, no more than a wild rose is a calla lily. They are alike only in purity and innocence; and I am

sure you will see this whenever you read the romance a second time. I am very much grieved that *Mr. Chorley* should seem not to be nicely discriminating; for what are we to do in that case? The artistic, pensive, reserved, contemplative, delicately appreciative Hilda can in no wise be related to the enchanting little housewife, whose energy, radiance, and eglantine sweetness fill her daily homely duties with joy, animation, and fragrance. Tell me, then, is it not so? I utterly protest against being supposed partial because I am Mrs. Hawthorne. But it is so very naughty of you to demolish this new growth in such a hurry, that I cannot help a disclaimer; and I am so sure of your friendliness and largeness, that I am not in the least afraid. You took all the fright out of me by that exquisite, gem-like, æsthetic dinner and tea which you gave us at the fairiest of houses last summer. It was a prettier and more *mignonne* thing than I thought could happen in London; so safe, and so quiet, and so very satisfactory, with the light of thought

playing all about. I have a good deal of fight left in me still about Kenyon, and the 'of-course' union of Kenyon and Hilda; but I will not say more, except that Mr. Hawthorne had no idea that they were destined for each other. Mr. Hawthorne is driven by his Muse, but does not drive her; and I have known him to be in inextricable doubt in the midst of a book or sketch as to its probable issue, waiting upon the Muse for the rounding in of the sphere which every work of true art is. I am surprised to find that Mr. Hawthorne was so absorbed in Italy that he had no idea that the story, as such, was interesting! and, therefore, is somewhat absolved from having ruthlessly 'excited our interest to voracity.'

"We are much troubled that you have been suffering this winter. We also have had a great deal of illness, and I am only just lifting up my head, after seven weeks of serious struggle with acute bronchitis. I dare say you are laughing (gently) at my explosion of small muskets. But I feel more

comfortable now I have discharged a little of my opposition.

"With sincere regard, I am, dear Mr. Chorley, yours,

"SOPHIA HAWTHORNE.

"Leamington, March 5th, 1860.
"21 Bath Street."

"DEAR MR. CHORLEY,

"You see how fortunate I am in having a critic close at hand, whose favourable verdict consoles me for any lack of appreciation in other quarters. Really, I think you were wrong in assaulting the individuality of my poor Hilda. If her portrait bears any resemblance to that of Phœbe, it must be the fault of my mannerism as a painter. But I thank you for the kind spirit of your notice; and if you had found ten times as much fault, you are amply entitled to do so, by the quantity of generous praise heretofore bestowed.

"Sincerely yours,

"NATH. HAWTHORNE.

"21 Bath Street, Leamington."

Before parting from the subject of Chorley's characteristics as a literary critic, an illustration or two must be given of what has not yet been noticed—his versatility. The province of belles-lettres is one of the least limited in literature; poetry, novels, essays, and sketches falling within its strictest definition. According to his interpretation of it, biographies, records of travel, and treatises upon Art were also included. The limit was put here, it being his wont, as has been seen,* to decline the discussion of any subject of which he had not a competent knowledge; but the field, even then, was a larger one than most men of letters in our generation would feel honestly qualified to explore.

With much mannerism of style he united considerable variety of method, and could be not less earnest in reproof of a grave offender on a point of art or ethics, than willing *desipere in loco* when it was only the sentimentality of a "minor minstrel" which deserved a little

* See vol. i. pages 90 and 274.

gentle ridicule. Extracts from an article which he contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review' on the works of Mr. Ruskin, and from two criticisms in the 'Athenæum,' one of Mr. Wilkie Collins' "Armadale" the other of Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House," may exemplify his modes of dealing with such contrasted subjects.

"Modern Painters," &c., by John Ruskin.

"The third volume of "Modern Painters," if viewed in context with its writer's former works, shows the extent to which excessive pretensions and imperfect acquirements have bewildered and corrupted a mind rich in ingenious knowledge of detail, and gifted with rhetorical powers which ought, if better guided, to have done service to the study and the philosophy of Art. If we examine how far in Mr. Ruskin's writings desire for display has superseded the love of truth, the task is entered on, not because it is agreeable, but because it is seasonable. After having made a fame by hanging on to the skirts of a famous artist—after deluding those craving for novelty into the belief that a dashing style must imply precious discoveries—after having met the humour of the time by preaching the religion of architecture, with a freedom in the use of sacred names and sacred things from which a more reverential man would have shrunk—after having served as an eloquent though too flattering guide to the treasures of Venice—after having enriched the citizens of this Scottish metropolis with receipts how to amend the architecture of our city by patching Palladian squares,

streets, and crescents with Gothic windows, balconies, and pinnacles—after having lectured to decorators on the beauty and virtue of painting illegible letters on signboards and shop-fronts—the wisdom of Mr. Ruskin has of late begun to cry in the streets. He attempts to erect the most extravagant paradoxes into new canons of taste; and the virulence of his personalities is only exceeded by the eccentricity of his judgments. He now periodically enters the Exhibition-room as an overseer, summoning gallery-loungers to stand and deliver their sympathies, calling on bad painters to tremble, and assailing those whom he dislikes with menaces and insults. Thus, in the third edition of his "Royal Academy Vade-mecum for 1855," after having referred to a former vituperation of a picture by Mr. Roberts, 'I have great personal regard for Mr. Roberts,' says our oracle, 'but it may be well 'to state that whenever I blame a painting, I do so as gently 'as is consistent with just explanation of its principal defects. 'I never say half of what I could say in its disfavour; and 'it will hereafter be found that when once I have felt it my 'duty to attack a picture, the worst policy which the friends 'of the artist can possibly adopt will be to defend it' (Notes, third edition, p. 36). Absurd and impertinent as this language is, especially when addressed to artists who do not owe their fame to Mr. Ruskin's favour, it may be worth while to inquire what right he has to use it. It may be conceded that few English writers have devoted themselves to the study of Art who have been more richly gifted by Nature than Mr. Ruskin. He has that warmth of admiration which is eminently quickening to the spirits of colder pilgrims; he has that brightness of imagination which enables him to seize what is subtle in intention and to comprehend what is noble in design. He commands an expressive style, fluent, versatile, and sonorous in no common degree. He can allow for the varying relations which exist

betwixt Art and society. Mr. Ruskin, too, has wrought industriously, travelled far, seen much, collected largely. These are precious attributes and qualifications; yet rarely has the value of such gifts been more completely neutralised than in the case of the author of "Modern Painters." Rarely has vanity so overweening in stature, so unblushing in front, so magisterial in language, risen up between a writer and his public. . . . . All who desire to be taught have a right to claim from those who profess to teach them, besides the name of truth, something of its nature; truth in research, truth in definition, truth in reasoning, truth in interpretation. . . . . No one has ever exposed his claims to truthfulness to a sterner examination than Mr. Ruskin; since rarely has the serviceable cry been raised more loudly than by him, whether to authenticate the examples he has collected, to recommend the principles he expounds, or to praise the artists whom he delights to honour. 'He will not,' he says, 'put forth an 'example of Raphael's tree-work without having copied the 'trees leaf for leaf' ("Modern Painters," vol. iii. p. 320). He will not defend the irregularities on the *façade* of Pisa Cathedral without having precisely counted the arches in each arcade. He does not specify merely the coloured marbles which harmoniously encrust a Murano archivolt, but he calls attention to the very spots in some of the fragments. The speciousness of such professed accuracy is calculated to inspire confidence, and to discourage all counter-examination. Yet those who rely on Mr. Ruskin's precision of detail will receive severe shocks when they come to test it precisely. We have ourselves detected more than one gross misrepresentation in the recondite and remote examples which he is much given to quote. If any one, for example, examine, with these lectures in hand, the bracket from the front of Lyons Cathedral, engraved (plate ix. fig. 15) for the "Edinburgh Discourses on Architecture and Painting," and

there elaborately descanted on, he will find that the lecturer sketched that quaint morsel of stone-work through a glass as delusive as the veriest lilac or orange pane which bears the name of Mr. Ruskin's peculiar aversion—Claude Lorraine. Or again, let the student of architectural detail search in the portal of Bourges Cathedral for the hawthorn wreath more than once referred to by Mr. Ruskin as a lovely specimen of rural realism applied to the purposes of devotional art. He may search long before he finds what stands to Mr. Ruskin for hawthorn, and will turn away from his discovery, when he has made it, astounded at the imagination of the writer who has wrought up an example so unimportant and so questionable into a type of disproportionate value. Or (to offer a last example) let him take Mr. Ruskin's rapturous exposition of the Mosaic olive-tree (*vide* "Stones of Venice," vol. ii., p. 178) and then compare it with the lecturer's contemptuous mention of such Greek patterns as represent the waves of the sea, the flowers of the honeysuckle, or the leaves of the acanthus. We are satisfied that the stilted exaggeration of such praise and the injustice of such blame will strike the student as among the artifices of partisanship, which amount, in every sense of the word, to partial abandonment of veracity and a total want of candour. . . . . Let us proceed to illustrate Mr. Ruskin's appreciation of truthfulness in performance, as exhibited by his favourites among painters. . . . . When he speaks of a modern landscape-painter whom he wishes to demolish, because of his over-neatness, in order to extol Turner's slovenliness as sublime, he becomes poetical in the deification of dirt. 'And 'this by the way' (says Mr. Ruskin apropos of Mr. Stanfield) 'ought to be added respecting modern painters in general, 'that they have not a proper sense of the value of dirt. 'Cottage children never appear but in freshly got-up caps and 'aprons, and white-handed beggars excite compassion in un-

'exceptionable rags. In reality, all the colours of things asso-
'ciated with human life derive something of their expression
'and value from the tones of impurity' ("Modern Painters," revised ed., p. 120). But when it suits Mr. Ruskin to prate concerning 'the nature of Gothic,' in order that he may destroy all art and artists that are not Gothic, Byzantine, or Pre-Raphaelite, he changes his tone and reverses his sentences. Listen to him when, in the "Stones of Venice," it suits his humour to make an end of Murillo as a painter of beggar-boys: 'But observe another point in the lower figure
'of the Dulwich Gallery picture. It lies so that the sole of
'the foot is turned towards the spectator, not because it
'would have lain less easily in another attitude, but that the
'painter may draw and exhibit the grey dust engrained in
'the foot. Do not call this the painting of nature; it is mere
'delight in foulness. The lesson, if there be any in the
'picture, is not one whit the stronger. We all know that a
'beggar's bare foot cannot be clean; there is no need to thrust
'its degradation into the sight, as if no human imagination
'were vigorous enough for its conception.'—Vol. ii. p. 193.

* * * * *

"We have already bestowed upon this volume more space than its merits deserve, but its gross and glaring extravagancies and defects constitute a strong claim to notice. It is the worst book of a bad series of books, mischievous to Art, mischievous to literature, but mischievous most of all to those young and eager minds, animated by the love of Art and of literature, which may mistake this declamatory trash for substantial or stimulating food."—'Edinburgh Review,' April, 1856, pp. 535–557.

"Armadale," by Wilkie Collins.

"It is not pleasant to speak as we must speak of this powerful story, but in the interests of everything that is to be

cherished in life, in poetry, in Art, it is impossible to be over-explicit in the expression of judgment. Mr. W. Collins stands in a position too distinguished among novelists not to be amenable to the plainest censure when he commits himself to a false course of literary creation. "Armadale" is a sensation novel with a vengeance; one, however, which could hardly fail to follow "No Name." Those who make plot their first consideration and humanity the second—those, again, who represent the decencies of life as too often so many hypocrisies, have placed themselves in a groove which goes and must go in a downward direction, whether as regards fiction or morals. . . . . We are in a period of diseased invention, and the coming phase of it may be palsy. Mr. Collins belongs to the class of professing satirists who are eager to lay bare the 'blotches and blains' which foster beneath the skin and taint the blood of humanity. He is ready with those hackneyed and specious protests against the cant of conventionalism. These may amount to a cant more unwholesome than that against which it is aimed. This time the interest of his tale centres upon one of the most hardened female villains whose devices and desires have ever blackened fiction—a forger, a convicted adulteress, murderess, and thief—a woman who deliberately, by the aid of a couple of wretches whose practices belong to the police-cells, but not to pages over which honest people should employ and enjoy their leisure, sits down to make her way to fortune and apparent respectability by imposture, deliberate murder, and, lastly, by cold-blooded unfaithfulness to the man who had really loved her and rescued her from her bad life, and for whom she is said to have entertained her solitary feeling of real attachment. . . . . Doubtless such writhen creatures may live and breathe in the 'sinks and sewers' of society, engendered by the secret vices and infirmities of those who were answerable for their existence, and who

encourage their misdoings, but when we see them displayed in fiction with all the loving care of a consummate artist (and without any such genuine motive as had formerly Hogarth, and latterly Mr. Dickens, not to show a horror without a suggestion towards its cure), we are oddly reminded of a line in Granger's West Indian poem, "The Sugar Cane"—

'Now, Muse, let's sing of rats!'

What artist would choose vermin as his subjects?"—Athenæum, June 2nd, 1866.

"The Angel in the House—The Betrothal."

"The gentle reader we apprise, That this new Angel in the House Contains a tale not very wise, About a person and a spouse. The author, gentle as a lamb, Has managèd his rhymes to fit, And haply fancies he has writ Another "In Memoriam." How his intended gathered flowers, And took her tea and after sung, Is told in style somewhat like ours, For delectation of the young. But, reader, lest you say we quiz The poet's record of his she, Some little pictures you shall see, Not in our language, but in his.

"'While thus I grieved and kissed her glove,
My man brought in her note to say
Papa had bid her send his love,
And hoped I'd dine with them next day;
They had learned and practised Purcell's glee,
To sing it by to-morrow night:
The postscript was—her sisters and she
Enclosed some violets blue and white.

* * * * * *

"'Restless and sick of long exile,
From those sweet friends I rode, to see
The church repairs, and after awhile
Waylaying the Dean, was asked to tea.

They introduced the Cousin Fred
I'd heard of, Honor's favourite; grave,
Dark, handsome, bluff, but gently bred,
And with an air of the salt wave.'

"Fear not this saline Cousin Fred; He gives no tragic mischief birth; There are no tears for you to shed, Unless they may be tears of mirth. From ball to bed, from field to farm, The tale flows nicely purling on; With much conceit there is no harm, In the love-legend here begun. The rest will come another day, If public sympathy allows; And this is all we have to say About the "Angel in the House.""—Athenæum, Jan. 20th, 1855.

The article in the 'Edinburgh Review' from which the first of these extracts is taken, in its searching exposure and trenchant castigation of the inconsistent extravagance of he writer arraigned, is one of Chorley's most elaborate criticisms. Among others of more pretension than he usually attempted may be named an article on the life and works of Handel ('Edinburgh Review,' July, 1857); one on Béranger (*ib.*, July, 1858); and one on Miss Austin and Miss Mitford ('Quarterly Review,' Jan. 1870). It must suffice to dismiss these with a bare reference, and here close the consideration of Chorley's critical career.

More stress has been laid upon it than its actual results might seem to warrant, from a belief that the qualities of candour, courage, and discrimination are still rare enough in literary censorship to maintain the highest value, and that the example of a veteran, of whom these were the uniform characteristics, may incite some of us, who follow his calling, to a frankness in the declaration of facts and a caution in the employment of epithets, by which authors and readers would alike benefit.

Among his published works of these years I must refer at some length to two by which he justly set considerable store, and one of which may possibly yet be destined to attain the success denied to it in his lifetime. This was the second of two dramatic ventures of which the year 1854 registered the failure.

In a detached fragment of material for his Autobiography—which I conjecture was intended to preface the narrative of these failures—he thus refers to the irresistible impulse by which he felt attracted to what

Dickens has somewhere described as the "load-stone rock" of literature:

'I had, and always shall have, a strong 'desire to write for the stage, because *there* 'one is brought face to face with those who 'accept or those who refuse the offering. 'Of course the pitfalls in that world are by the 'thousand. Jealousy and intrigue must be 'faced and disconcerted, and this without re-'course to jealousy or intrigue on the part of 'the defendant. There must be, especially as 'our stage now stands, the author's perpetual, 'gnawing anxiety, caused by the wonderful 'inefficiency—nay, even want of intelligence—'of two-thirds of his interpreters. How vast 'and wide and blank this is, can hardly be cre-'dited by ninety-nine out of the hundred per-'sons who witness a representation and judge 'the work by the manner in which it is set 'forth. Yet these disheartening truths, as old 'as the drama—let them have been ever so 'well got by heart beforehand—will not dis-'courage any one in whom instincts for the 'stage are born. I never presumed to con-

'ceive that I should fare better than my better
'predecessors; but, had the difficulties been
'multiplied tenfold, I must still have tried my
'fortune; and I can sincerely say that my
'preliminary knowledge was of use, as sparing
'me from the blank misery which attends dis-
'appointed expectation. It is an experience of
'life and emotion, and knowledge of a strange
'world, peopled by strange figures, which I
'would undergo again had I to begin my career
'over again. There is no reasoning on these
'things—no taking or giving counsel. Every
'heart knoweth its own bitterness, but also
'its devices and desires, and its powers of
'endurance. Unless a man can (so to say)
'survey or measure himself, it is perilous work
'for him to put to sea in the wildest of weather
'and on the roughest of waters. The sea
'tempts sailors. But the sensations of him
'who, whether wrecked or saved, is cast on
'shore are as strong as they are serious.
'They mark an advance in life, a deepening
'of every emotion. I repeat (and without
'grimace), I would not be without such expe-

'rience, even had I been saved from the suf-
'fering which, for the moment, can be sharp
'enough, as I can testify.'

The above confession bears on its face the evidence of its sincerity; but it is curious, to say the least, that the knowledge he had acquired of the perils of dramatic enterprise should not have dissuaded him from encountering them in a vessel that he suspected to be unseaworthy. Yet the first of the two ventures referred to was risked with a serious expectation that it would fail; and in deference only to the contrary opinion of a higher authority. "The Love-lock," according to Chorley's account of it, was originally intended as 'a 'fantastic sort of 'morality' in dialogued verse 'with lyrics interspersed;' the idea being suggested by Tieck's tale of "The Runenburg" (in Mr. Carlyle's translation), and the motive being to denounce the Australian gold-fever which had set in with so much virulence during 1852. The conversion of this lyrical structure into a dramatic shape was undertaken at the instance of Mr. Alfred

Wigan, whose 'rapid progress and popu-
'larity as an actor' Chorley had 'followed
'with more than ordinary interest.' The drama
'was shown to Mr. Wigan 'in every stage of
'its progress, accepted by him when incomplete,'
and its completion urged, 'in order that,
'when forming his company for the Olympic
'Theatre, he might provide for its representa-
'tion; he at one time expressing his intention
'of opening his management with it. Against
'this'—continues Chorley—'I protested from
'the first moment, being satisfied that the
'experiment of playing "The Love-lock" was
'one in which the chances were even betwixt
'a fair success and a thorough failure, and not
'choosing by any essay of mine to expose a new
'enterprise to a risque so severe. For once,
'foresight proved a piece of real good fortune
'to its owner. The failure of "The Love-lock"
'when it was played on the 13th of February,
'1854, was dismal enough (if I wished it) to
'establish my sagacity as a calculator of alter-
'natives, and, if any evil-wishers of myself or
'the theatre were there, to give them the live-

'liest satisfaction. I have witnessed more 'than one scene of the kind, but I think I 'never saw disapprobation more violent. . . . 'After all, the damage done was fatal to no 'one concerned in the affair. The theatre suf-'fered less by the disappointment than it 'must have done had the 'morality' been 'presented at a more critical period. The 'luckless author was in reality, and not in 'seeming, prepared for the possibility of such 'an issue." *

I must confess, after reading the play, that it does not seem to me to have deserved a better fate. Its unreality alone would condemn it. In opera or extravaganza such an abstract personage as Mammon might pass muster on the stage, but, to be tolerated in serious drama, must assume some more concrete presentment. The plot is not unskilful, but the dialogue lacks point, and the

* Accordingly he bore the disappointment, even at the time, very philosophically, writing to the editor of the 'Athenæum' next morning to promise a review on which he was working—"in proof that though *damned*, I am not *dead*!"

characters, with scarcely an exception, fail to interest.

His second venture was of a higher order, a five-act tragedy. Though not completed for performance until 1854, it had been planned and in great part executed in 1846. The American actress Miss Cushman, who was then fulfilling an engagement in England, had greatly impressed him with her power of poetic apprehension; and the part of his heroine was designed with express accommodation to her *rôle*. Some negotiations for its representation appear to have been made in this year, as I infer from a note addressed to him by Mr. Browning, which contains a few golden words of appreciation, not to be omitted by any biographer to whom Chorley's memory is dear.

"Tell me of your success in your own negotiations, which I confidently expect, and beforehand rejoice in. . . . I do feel that you are safe in the hands of those truthful-looking Cushmans; and being very glad you have got *them*, shall be yet gladder when the world gets

you, and helps to realise the good wishes of such as myself, with only wishes at their disposal, for a most conscientious artist, honest critic, and loyal friend." The project, however, was abandoned until 1854, when Miss Cushman was again in England, and "Duchess Eleanour"* was prepared for the stage.

For a mediæval story of Italian intrigue, the plot is tolerably simple. In the opening scene, one Count Soranzo, an adventurer of doubtful origin and undoubted villainy, having occasion to evade the pursuit of justice, arrives in disguise at Ferrara. He had a few years before rendered some services to its Duke, an impulsive dissolute youth, when on a visit to Naples, who gave him in recompense a pledge to marry his daughter Violet, then at a convent, where she had been bred in ignorance of her parentage. Soon after obtaining this promise and sending Violet to Ferrara, Soranzo had to fly for his life, and was supposed to have perished at sea. The Duke, pursuing his travels to Rome, there

* Thomas Hailes Lacy, Strand. 1854.

fell in love with and married an eminent actress, Leonora Nardi, also the daughter of Soranzo, but by another mother. Forced upon the stage by her father's cruelty, and robbed by his greed of the profits of her genius, she had been relieved from torture by the news of his death, and was careful to hide so shameful a connection from the knowledge of her husband, who, in the early days of their union, had invested her with the dignity proper to noble extraction and a share of his own authority. At the time of Soranzo's arrival at Ferrara, however, the aspect of fortune was ominous. The charm of her stately beauty and moral purity still retained the Duke's admiration, but his passion was on the wane, and he half regretted the non-fulfilment of his pledge to marry Violet, whom he had introduced at Court as his cousin. She, a blithe innocent girl, had been taken by the Duchess into particular favour, and, with her sanction, had recently exchanged vows of affection with Count Raphael, the Duke's near kinsman. Another courtier,

Count Abelard, whose suit she had rejected at the instance of the Duchess, had just returned to Ferrara, after a year's absence, and from him, as a fellow-traveller, Soranzo learnt the story of Leonora's marriage.

By the hands of Bellotto, a professional charlatan with whom he finds refuge, he sends her proof that the report of his death was false. She swoons on reading the announcement, but manages to deceive the Duke as to the cause. The waning of his love is evidenced in his indifference to her plea of illness, and his angry refusal to sanction, at her request, the marriage of Violet and Raphael. This redoubles her anxiety to prevent his discovery of the truth; and she sends for Bellotto privately, in the hope, by his agency, of inducing her father to leave Ferrara. Abelard, who longs to be revenged on her for having frustrated his suit, suspects a mystery, and hides himself behind the pavilion where she receives Bellotto. Inferring from what he hears of their conversation that Soranzo is a former lover, he interrupts the interview, leaving

her barely time to conceal the charlatan. Affecting zeal for her interests, he suggests that the Duke's refusal to sanction Violet's marriage arises from the illicit relations which exist between them, and lays at her feet the offering of his own truer devotion; but when she spurns his advances and threatens exposure, he doffs the mask and avows that he has heard her conversation with Bellotto, whom he drags from concealment. The Duke and several courtiers coming up at this moment the Duchess sees herself in her enemy's power, and is forced to bargain for his silence:

> 'Sir—I cannot choose—this night at least,
> 'Silence between us! (*Aside.*) Father, I give up
> 'All I have left—mine honoured stainless name—
> 'To a fiend's keeping!'

Explaining that her interview with Abelard had been sought by him in order to effect a reconciliation, the Duchess feigns an unwonted gaiety, which excites the Duke's surprise. At a convivial *tête-à-tête* with him next day, Abelard takes advantage of this to sow the seeds of suspicion and discord:

'Tis aye your stateliest dames
'Who run to most exuberance in their mirth;
'Giants have mighty passions—quaff their joys
'In beakers full, then all intoxicate
'Dance in wild ring . . . . .
'Such are no mates for moderate men like me,
'But for the North Wind, or the God of Fire,
'Who leaves his swart hill-chasms to riot among
'The large-limbed nymphs of some abundant vale:
'Give me some softer charmer, with a heart
'Which trembles at a touch—a cheek that keeps
'Its bloom close to the surface; a prompt eye
'That weeps or sparkles at Love's tale of tears
'Or joy!'

The Duke recognises the intended comparison with Violet, but deprecates any disparagement of his Duchess, in whose fidelity he confidently reposes. Abelard is at first content to hint his doubts, but soon advances to assertion:

'I jest not, sir, nor slander; this your charge
'Hath made me grave. Your wife is woman still,
'And had—hath—lovers.
'DUKE. Sir! (*Drops his glass.*)
'COUNT A. Why, your glass broke
'Because 'twas glass and brittle. But last night,
'I marked a lady in a lone alcove,
'With a man near, low kneeling at her feet;
'I heard their muttered talk . . . . . .
'Why, my lord,
'You married the great actress, and yet wonder
'That she can act!'

The Duke's jealousy is aroused, and he consents to put his wife's loyalty to the test by making overtures of love to Violet, and setting his officers in search of the hidden gallant, whom Abelard identifies with the criminal recently reported to have arrived in Ferrara.

In the next scene the Duchess goes, disguised in a dress of Violet's, to meet her father at the house of Bellotto. Soranzo, relying on the power he wields over the Duke and herself alike, laughs at her entreaties that he should escape, and defies her threats of exposure; ending the interview by asserting that the Duke has brought Violet to court as his mistress, and adducing as proof the written pledge of marriage given by him at Naples. The Duchess retires, believing the paper forged; but all hope dies within her when, in returning to the court, Abelard's emissary, deceived by her disguise, slips into her hand the Duke's love-tokens to Violet. Meantime, the latter has been lured by her father to seek an interview with him, at which the secret of her birth will be revealed. Going disguised in a

dress belonging to the Duchess, she is met and mistaken for her by Abelard. Indignation at the insinuations he ventures to make under this impression, provokes Violet to unmask; but his craft is equal to the emergency, and revenge is gratified when Count Raphael finds them in colloquy, and hastily imagines her unfaithful.

The next scene shows the Duchess driven by mental torture almost to the brink of suicide. When Violet enters, with the intention of revealing Abelard's slander and her own misunderstanding with Raphael, the Duchess assails her with bitter, passionate sarcasm as a successful rival. This bitterness is unrestrained by the Duke's entry, and confirms his suspicions:

'This mood of yours too thinly cloaks your fears.
'Beware! you play with sharp-edged tools! Methinks
'They who themselves have secrets in the dark
'Have lost the right of Virtue starched to rail
'If Youth be glad because the noon is bright,
'And Beauty that the world is kind.'

The Duchess replies with dignity, but, firm in her purpose of screening her father from

punishment and her husband from dishonour, restrains herself from the avowal which would clear her name, when the crisis suddenly culminates by the entrance of Soranzo. Driven to bay by the search made for him as a criminal, he resolves to stake his double chance of safety at one cast. Addressing himself first to the Duke, he boldly claims him as a former intimate, and reminds him of his bargain to marry Violet. Taken by surprise, the Duke is unable to find an answer; but before Soranzo has time to continue his revelations, the Duchess interposes, and, on her knees, implores the Duke to let him go free. Still believing him her lover, the Duke refuses, when Soranzo appeals to the paper he has given her in proof of his assertion. She at once produces and destroys it unread, so that her husband may be free from his thrall, and then renews her plea. The Duke, though touched by her generosity, still refuses this for her own sake, and orders the arrest of Soranzo, who, in the struggle, stabs him and escapes. The Duchess, in her agony,

shrieks out the word "Father!" and the Duke, in dying, recognises her secret and her faith.

The last scene is laid in the church where the body of the Duke lies in state. Soranzo and Bellotto have both disappeared; and suspicion of having caused the murder has fallen on the Duchess, to which she has given colour by her haste in assuming the sceptre, and conferring the rank of chamberlain upon Abelard, by whom the charge has been bruited. Her motive is evident when she appears at the obsequies, before the incensed crowd of citizens, to challenge the right of ordeal for herself, denounce her slanderer, and appoint Count Raphael as her successor. Abelard has been honoured only that he may be disgraced, and his chamberlainship terminates with her reign. The last engine of his malice fails, and the mystery of the murder is solved, when Soranzo, of whom Bellotto has been in pursuit, is dragged in mortally wounded. The Duchess, still intent to save him, refuses to utter a word in condemnation, and when Abelard triumph-

antly taunts her with complicity, she falls on her knees in a passion of prayer :

'Thou, enthroned above
'This agony of mortal wreck and pain,
'Who, for Thy creature's too unbending pride,
'And love too wild that scarce had need of Thee,
'Hast set her in the anguish of this strait—
''Twixt speech and silence—good repute and shame—
'Heaven and the pit—the living and the dead!—
'I turn to Thee that readest as in Thy book
'Of the blue heaven whose letters are the stars,
'My love, my torture, and my innocence. . . . .
'. . . . . As wife who never swerved
'In thought, word, gesture from her loyalty,
'I dare stand upright in Thy holy sight!
'And will not answer mine oppressor's taunts,
'And will not for the living vex the dead,
'For the dead wound the living! Give me pain—
'Want—shame—an unblessed grave: I wait Thy will.
'Safer beneath its scourge than in the smile
'Of erring human mercy. If Thou wilt,
'Adjudge this cause—I speak not!'

Soranzo, bold in death, publicly avows himself her father, and the Duke's murderer. The baffled Abelard is banished, and after joining the hands of Raphael and Violet, whose innocence has been cleared, the Duchess seeks seclusion in a convent.

With allowance made for certain obvious

improbabilities and artifices of construction, the ingenuity displayed in this plot must, I think, be generally conceded. For successful representation there is, perhaps, too much complexity of motive, and too little variety in the tenor of a story so painful as almost to deserve the epithet "repulsive" applied to it by Mr. Buckstone. Add to this, that the part of the Duchess overweighs the rest—a continuous strain being put upon her action from first to last—and the reception which the play eventually met from its audience seems to require no other explanation. These defects, however, will not blind the lovers of dramatic literature to its abundant evidences of the writer's skill in analysing character and delineating passion, noble and ignoble. Distracted by contending emotions, the Duchess preserves the large outlines of her heroic nature as consistently as Abelard manifests his unalloyed malignity under the influence of a single ambition. Each of the minor characters has an individuality of its own. Soranzo's reckless audacity, the Duke's easy sensualism and

impulsive susceptibility, Bellotto's humorous combination of knavery and fidelity, Violet's innocent coquetry, Raphael's generous impatience, are all distinguishing traits and naturally developed in action. In sustained vigour of language this play is probably superior to any other of Chorley's writings, though occasionally marred by extravagances that savour of bombast.

At the instance of Miss Cushman the tragedy was accepted for the Haymarket Theatre. The first performance took place on March 13th, 1854, and was moderately successful, but the next night reversed its fate. In a letter of the 16th, Mr. Buckstone announced to Chorley with "the deepest regret," that in consequence of the disapprobation manifested at the fall of the curtain and the scanty receipts at the box-office, the play must be withdrawn. The reasons which, in the opinion of this experienced manager, sufficiently accounted for the failure, left his conviction still unshaken in Chorley's ability as a dramatist.

"The objections," he writes, "to the play

consist, not only in its gloomy character, but in its story, which borders on the repulsive. These features in dramatic composition may belong to and be tolerated in the old dramatists, but new plays, to be successful in the present day, require to be more genial in their nature. Still, you have shown so much dramatic power in your dialogue, that, with a more natural and a better subject, I would not hesitate to produce another play written by you."

It was some consolation that "Duchess Eleanour" met with more appreciation without the theatre than within. The review of it in the 'Athenæum,' a journal, where, as has been seen, a member of its staff could by no means rely upon obtaining a favourable verdict, seizes with much skill on the features of originality and power by which the figure of the Duchess defines itself in the reader's memory.*

* Miss Cushman herself thought highly of the part, thanking the author earnestly in one of her letters for the opportunity "afforded me of giving birth to another child of my intellect, which I love as much as though warm flesh and blood."

Other plays in manuscript, of later date, either wholly or partially complete, attest that the attraction of dramatic composition had in no degree lost its hold on Chorley's fancy; but, as he did not give them publication in his lifetime their consideration does not fall within the limits which I have prescribed to myself in writing this account of his literary achievements.

The only other work of which I shall speak in detail is a novel entitled "Roccabella,"* which he completed and published in 1859 under the pseudonym of *Paul Bell.* He had commenced it some years before, under the strong impression produced on his mind by the revolutionary aspect of Europe, as already noted, but had laid it aside until recalled to the subject by the political events of that year. This book appears to me as much superior to the rest of his prose as "Duchess Eleanour" to the rest of his poetic fictions, and to afford similar evidence of his dramatic power. The story may be thus

* James Blackwood, Paternoster Row. 2 vols.

told. A beautiful and enthusiastic girl, left an orphan and in poverty, marries, for the sake of his wealth, a Liverpool merchant of twice her age. The match proves unhappy. She is repelled by his stolid, unsympathetic temperament, and finds her life one of dreary grandeur and restless romantic cravings. He is disappointed that, in return for the tributes of pride which he has laid at her feet, she manifests indifference to all that concerns him. One night, after dinner, at which two strangers have been present, Rosamond Westwood is reading a romance in her own room, when her husband enters, and seats himself, "a dull, dark, heavy shape," on a little bright sofa at the foot of her bed. He abruptly announces to her, on the authority of one of the strangers, an eminent surgeon, whom he had consulted as to his health, that she will be a widow in a fortnight, and that he has made ample provision for her by his will, which the other stranger, a lawyer, had been called in to make. The announcement shocks her into

remorseful tears, but his manner repels her sympathy to the last; and in the condition annexed to his bequest, that her fortune is to pass from her if she marries again, there is a semblance of retaliation that provokes her aversion. His death takes place, as anticipated. At the reading of his will, in the presence of his relatives, the lawyer produces a sealed packet, containing the testator's instructions as to the property which his widow would forfeit by her second marriage. She removes to London, with the intention, after a short residence there, of travelling abroad. She makes various acquaintances, including an honest country gentleman, named Shepherd, who displays an officious devotion which she is constrained to rebuff, but fails to repel. To prepare herself for a tour in Italy, by a previous study of its literature, she engages as her teacher one Count Roccabella, a Republican refugee; a man whose splendid natural gifts, beauty of person, fascination of manner, generosity of temper, and passionate enthusiasm for his cause, are

marred by the corruption of the atmosphere which he has always breathed, by early contact with natures debased into becoming either the minions or the victims of tyranny and priestcraft, and habitual association in manhood with outcasts of every description, banded together by the common tie of hatred to "the powers that be." Rosamond sees only his nobler qualities, and falls deeply in love. He is attracted by her beauty and devotion, not less than by the advantage of securing her reputed wealth to the cause, and proposes marriage. Forgetful or careless of the condition under which she holds her fortune, and content to share the competence which he derives from his family, she accepts him. He is staggered at learning the facts from her trustee, but is too honourable to recede, and they are married. The sealed packet left by Mr. Westwood proves, when opened, to contain a paper of instructions for applying Rosamond's forfeited fortune to charitable purposes, together with another enclosure having reference to ulterior contingencies.

Rosamond is at first too happy to care either for the loss, or for what she soon discovers to be the precarious tenure of her husband's income. Her delicacy, however, is a little hurt by the extreme readiness with which he accepts the offer of her old lover, Shepherd, to put a house at their disposal; and she becomes seriously disquieted when, after having thrown herself eagerly into Roccabella's schemes, she finds in what disreputable intimacy they involve him. An allusion to his antecedents made by one of his associates, who pays her a visit in his absence, increases her uneasiness, though she contrives to conceal it.

The interests of the cause summon the Count and his bride to Paris, where the news awaits him that the income derived from his family will henceforth be withdrawn. In this juncture, an invaluable friend, as he announces to Rosamond, will be found in the Princess Morgenstein, whom he purposes to visit forthwith, a Polish lady living apart from her husband, and devoting her vast fortune and influence to

the Republican *propaganda*. This announcement renews Rosamond's uneasiness, for the allusion made to her husband's life before marriage had associated the name of this Princess with his. He had, in truth, been her lover, one of a succession whom her wealth and wit, in the absence of all other fascinations, were sufficient to attract. A rival having displaced him, they had parted in anger; and it was no return of love, but sheer poverty, that induced him to pay her the visit of which he had spoken to Rosamond. The charm of the new lover, however, was waning, and the visitor was eagerly welcomed by the Princess. Professing much interest in his marriage, she at once calls upon Rosamond, whose fears are disarmed by her *empressement*, and who finally consents to accept the hospitable offer of apartments in her hotel, until the Count's prospects have brightened. The life there proves more strange than agreeable. The "Red" society which frequents the *salon* has a speech and a manner of its own. The equivocal rela-

tions between the Princess and the handsome young painter, Agricole Delbar, whom she calls her cousin; the tone of familiarity which the former assumes towards Roccabella; and the advances which Delbar, in retaliation, makes to herself, are perplexing phenomena to the modest Englishwoman. The Count, though not really faithless to his wife, weakly falls in with the Princess's humour, for the sake of the cause, having given his pledge to raise a legion, which her purse now supplies him with the only means of redeeming. The Princess, on her part, is scheming to renew her former relations with him, by engrossing his attention while she foments Delbar's admiration of Rosamond, and, induces her to sit for a picture of Judith, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the cause. Rosamond's resolution to keep Delbar at a distance frustrates this plan of arousing Roccabella's jealousy, but the malign influence of the Princess is an increasing cause of alarm. He is suddenly summoned to Italy, and, though Rosamond cannot accompany

him, on account of her approaching confinement, the bitterness of parting is alleviated by the thought that this influence will be removed. They part tenderly, Roccabella confiding her to the care of a faithful servant, but, to her consternation, leaving funds for her support in trust with Delbar, of whom he has no suspicion.

To avoid the intolerable dependence thus involved, she takes advantage of the Princess's expressed intention of leaving Paris for a while to excuse herself from further sojourn in the hotel, and declines to give her address. Delbar soon discovers it, and, under colour of his trusteeship, renews his hateful advances. On her determined refusal to accept any obligation at his hands, he revenges himself by announcing to her that the old relations between her husband and the Princess are about to be renewed, the latter having just left Paris in disguise to join him at Dijon. The announcement carries truth on its face, and Rosamond's agony culminates in a brain fever and a premature confinement.

She owes her life to the chivalry of her old lover, Shepherd, who, happening to be in Paris, has called at the hotel, and thence tracked her to the mean lodging where she has taken refuge. Here he procures her such help as she needs until her English friends arrive. Meantime, Roccabella, whose journey to Italy had been quickened by a desire to escape from the Princess's meshes, is waiting at Dijon for political intelligence, but, becoming uneasy at hearing no news of Rosamond, has almost determined to return, when he is startled one evening by the apparition of the princess in boy's clothes. His inquiry for news of his wife is put aside with an insinuation that she has accepted other protection, and he is plainly told with what intention he has been followed. His ill-concealed repugnance is on the point of avowal, when the crisis is hastened by the arrival of Delbar, flushed with wine and furious with rage at having been thrown aside by the Princess for Roccabella, only to be spurned by Rosamond. Fierce words lead to fiercer blows, and Roccabella

dies under his adversary's weapon. The catastrophe suffices to reconcile the Princess and her paramour, who, under cover of the excitement occasioned by news of a revolution in Paris, escape undiscovered across the frontier. Rosamond rises from her sick-bed to learn that her husband is dead, although the details, which Shepherd visits Dijon to ascertain, are mercifully concealed from her. She returns to England to find that the contingency of her second widowhood has been provided for by her first husband's generosity, the final instructions of whose will secure her an ample fortune.

It may be gathered, even from this imperfect outline, that the aim of the book is twofold—to bring some of the leading continental types of character into unfavourable contrast with our own, and to discredit the attempts of revolutionary agents to obtain English sympathy. In the first half of this aim, Chorley's effort has been based on an observation of national features sufficient to insure success. The uncouth, generous fore-

thought of the unloved Westwood, the manly tenderness and delicacy hidden under the unrefined, officious manners of Shepherd, the trustful devotion and modest firmness of Rosamond, and the unselfish simplicity of her friends, the Bells, are happily set off against the brilliant shallow grace, the unstable principle, the blunted sensibilities of Roccabella, the sinister, crafty, lustful heartlessness of the Princess, the vicious, cruel spirit allied to the beauty and genius of Delbar. The second half of Chorley's aim is deprived of its best chance of success by the copious infusion of *animus* in his portraiture. Admitting the truthfulness of the delineation in the case of Roccabella, it is impossible to accept the sketches, either of his associates or his English sympathisers, as other than political caricatures. The interest of the story so much depends upon its three or four leading figures that, in the outline given above, little has been said of the minor personages, whose presence, nevertheless, is significant. Bastien, the associate from whom

Rosamond hears of Roccabella's antecedents, and Valpliquet, one of the same "Red" circle, who, having contrived to marry a rich Englishwoman of rank, makes his peace with society by turning informer, are the most prominent members of the unscrupulous, infamous band here taken to represent the "Revolution." Lady Marcia, Valpliquet's wife, weak, sentimental, and unfeeling; Miss Grace Bessell, her frivolous, pretentious friend; and Miss Porphyria Tatt, the loud, vulgar propagandist, are selected as types of the English circle wherein the "Revolution" meets with sympathy. Here and there, as in the narratives given by Roccabella of Austrian domination in Lombardy, and the sketches of Count Montegrone and his wife, concessions are made to the fundamental justice of the patriot's plea, and the pure and honourable lives of a section of refugees; but, with the exception of Rosamond, whose love blinds her judgment, the representative philo-Italians of the story are either sentimental fools or vulgar busybodies.

This drawback allowed for, "Roccabella" has the interest that belongs to the truthful study of character and the rapid movement of passion. If the action drags a little in the first volume, it is maintained with scarcely any abatement from the opening to the end of the second. The critical scene in the inn at Dijon, where Roccabella meets his fate and the Princess and Delbar escape, is charged with vivid power. The dialogue throughout the book is excellently in keeping with the individuality of each speaker, while the scenes in the *salon*, the theatre, and the revolutionary conclave show a not less dexterous management of grouping. Several of the subordinate persons, who take little part in the plot, are admirable as sketches, especially Mr. Westwood's two sisters, one sanctimonious, the other shrewish; Rosamond's grandiloquent lady's maid, and the faithful poltroon who stands for Roccabella's valet. Unhealthy as the atmosphere and painful as the situations often are, the handling is throughout so delicate and unexaggerated that the purest taste cannot

take offence. When the subject is sensational the treatment is not; and whatever objection on the score of Art may attach to the class of "novels with a purpose," to which this belongs, the writer's evident earnestness must acquit him from impeachment on the score of ethics. The style, though in the descriptive passages marked by Chorley's characteristic defects of over-elaboration and unevenness, is simple and terse when expressing the language of passion. One or two extracts must be given in illustration of the varied merits of the book; but, to be judged fairly, it must be read as a whole.

A Study of Character.

"Well-born, without one lingering feeling of respect for her old name—irreligious, inasmuch as she was always toying with some religion or creed, as a romance and a symbol—a woman who never stirred for a day's *villeggiatura* without her crucifix and her rosary, as well as her volume of the "Thèâtre Grec," or the newest emission of Heine's pathos and sarcasm; one who could watch death-beds as a study, and who yet had fainted at some piece of acting on the stage which moved no one else—a mother who coldly professed that it was not her destiny to be encumbered with children, and who had absolutely signed an agreement con-

signing her three daughters to the care of the abbess in Austria selected by her husband as equivalent for the unmolested remittance to her of a noble income—a reformer, who defended falsehood as a truth in advance of the age we are living in; who, to carry out her purposes (purposes which any new book, or spiritual guide, or lover, could utterly reverse and change, as she owned with a frightful candour) would sacrifice the oldest friend, the nearest life, the slave who had served her most faithfully—a woman who would pass from her depths of perfidy and evil knowledge to the shallows of her miserable experience of the great world with shameless adroitness whenever the humour seized her. . . . . Every one hated her, every one frequented her house, every one trusted her without trust; for she knew the precise moment at which to fascinate his secret out of the serpent's self; had the tact, by not hiding her wickedness and want of heart, to make them matters of curiosity, nay, of interest, and to recommend herself by showing that requisite obligingness suggested by a quick wit which is more precious than any good office done by sincere awkwardness. To see her, you would never have believed her capable of inspiring or of feeling a moment's passion. She was a very small woman, meagre in figure, with the thinnest of thin hands, of a yellow pale complexion, and a trace of character about the corners of her mouth and in her dreamy, languid, violet eyes, which rarely looked honestly out from beneath their lids. Her hair was superb in quantity and softness, of that lint-white colour which sounds sweetly in the ballad, but looks so ill in real life. . . . . Her appearance was throughout singular; she was chiefly dressed in black, in some very precious material, charged with a profusion of minute embroidery. Her ruff or collar, of curious lace, was fastened with a large grey pearl that had been wrought by some artificer's sick fancy into a death's head. The one ring which

she wore (never but one) was always something precious and unique; the *tabatière* on the little table at her side, from which her *cigarettes* were furnished, had belonged to some cardinal or church dignitary, with its stiff-winged angels enamelled in ultramarine on the gold round its mystic rose in the centre. For screen, she had taken from the frame a St. Veronica handkerchief by Moretto or Bacchiacca. The windows of the *salon*, in which she saw company from an early hour in the morning till late into the night, were draped and hung with pink brocade and muslin that excluded the light; so that the pair of massive wax candles, perpetually lit on her writing-table, were not superfluous even at noon on such a black January day. To complete the strange mixture of objects round her, I have but to mention a gigantic wolf-hound, who was stretched in the very depths of indolence on a violet velvet cloth, embroidered with armorial bearings, on one side of the fire, and a profusion of tuberoses in magnificent old Sèvres jars, which impregnated the air with their deadly sweetness."—Vol. ii. pp. 64–68.

The Last Scene at Dijon.

"The men were both armed—the Italian with a dagger in a sheath, the Frenchman with a sword-cane; and the one sprang on the other without observance or preparation, as a pair of savages might have done. Their fierce and frightful encounter lasted but for a moment, with curses and ignominious language betwixt thrust and thrust. The two were down on the floor together for an instant; then struggled up in close embrace, fiercely and unsteadily, towards the bed. Roccabella fell on the pillow, and Agricole, detaching himself hastily from the stiffening gripe of his adversary, said, 'Princess, I have avenged myself and you too! He

'will not make love to anybody more! Hark! . . . . That is 'the last!'

"The woman had kept a hideous composure during this sudden outbreak of frenzy, like one habituated to provide for such junctures. . . . . She gave no sign of feeling; moved noiselessly to the bed on which the heap of clay, yet warm, that had contained life, was lying; put her hand to where the heart had beaten, touched the pulseless wrist. 'Agricole!' said she (her listener being sober by this time), 'he is dead 'indeed!' 'What is to be done? . . . . Fiamma, the fault is 'yours!' 'No words, or we shall be arrested as his murderers! 'Is there anything moving on the stairs?' Then, seeing that the man was unnerved, she had the coolness to unlock the door and herself to stand out and listen. . . . . News from Paris had by that time reached Dijon—news tempting every one forth from the houses to the *cafés*, to the barracks. All was dead silence. 'He must be got into bed,' continued the woman, in the same hoarse and imperative whisper. 'He 'was always late in the morning; and we have the night 'before us, if no one has heard. You must undress him—you 'must put him into the bed, Agricole! Stop, this will not do! '—you will shake the floor, you shake so! Come! your own life 'depends on it! Be more cool. I will help you! His wife,' she muttered betwixt her teeth, as she held aside the draperies and arranged the linen, 'will not like this! What 'made you follow me, Agricole? Now be quiet . . . . because 'this is no child's play. Go down quietly and order a post-'carriage. What! cannot you? Shall I go? No; because, 'then, you must stay here alone. Well then, go out on the 'landing and call, and the waiter will come up. Let me 'look—since it seems that *I* must be the man. No, all is 'right; they will find nothing till to-morrow. . . . . Put his 'own dagger into his hand, leave that pocket-book on the 'table—it will show that there was no robbery. I have money

'enough to get us to the frontier before they wake him in the 'morning. Nay, then, stand by and I will do it all; and do 'you sit still in the dark there, or the people will see your face 'twitch. Somebody is coming up!' And as she spoke, she once again glanced round the room, once more approached the bed—nay, absolutely made her lips say, 'Good night, Salvatore,' that the waiter, standing at the door to announce the vehicle, might hear. But the waiter's ears were somewhere else, and his hurrying downstairs again enabled her to lock the door of that death-chamber on the outside unperceived. Agricole carried the bag and leaped into the darkness of the vehicle. She could still listen for a last cool moment, inquiring of the landlady by which way they would best avoid the tumult of the streets in leaving the town. Then slowly she entered the vehicle, slowly arranged her cloak round herself and her horror-stricken companion, and bade the postilion 'drive on.' It was four and twenty hours ere any one in the *Chapeau Bleu* recollected that there was any one lying in Number 6, who had not stirred since morning. Long ere that time the Princess and the painter were beyond the reach of pursuit and suspicion."—Vol. ii. pp. 277–282.

It may be well to justify what has been said both in praise and dispraise of the book by the citation of high authority. The acquaintance between Chorley and Dickens, referred to in a previous chapter, had now grown into a friendship, the terms of which were mutually understood to tolerate a frank criticism of one

by the other. Of this—though better evidence could be furnished—the following letter affords an interesting proof:—

"Tavistock House,
"Tavistock Square, London, W.C.
"Friday night, Feb. 3, 1860.

"My dear Chorley,

"I can most honestly assure you that I think "Roccabella" a very remarkable book indeed. Apart—quite apart—from my interest in you, I am certain that if I had taken it up under any ordinarily favourable circumstances as a book of which I knew nothing whatever, I should not—could not—have relinquished it until I had read it through. I had turned but a few pages, and come to the shadow on the bright sofa at the foot of the bed, when I knew myself to be in the hands of an artist. That rare and delightful recognition I never lost for a moment until I closed the second volume at the end. I am 'a good audience' when I have reason to be, and my girls would testify to you, if there were need, that I cried over it heartily. Your story seems

to me remarkably ingenious. I had not the least idea of the purport of the sealed paper until you chose to enlighten me; and then I felt it to be quite natural, quite easy, thoroughly in keeping with the character and presentation of the Liverpool man. The position of the Bell family, in the story, has a special air of nature and truth; is quite new to me, and is so dexterously and delicately done, that I find the deaf daughter no less real and distinct than the clergyman's wife. The turn of the story round that damnable Princess I pursued with a pleasure with which I could pursue nothing but a true interest; and I declare to you that if I were put upon finding anything better than the scene of Roccabella's death, I should stare round my bookshelves very much at a loss for a long time. Similarly, your characters have really surprised me. From the lawyer to the Princess, I swear to them as true; and in your fathoming of Rosamond altogether, there is a profound wise knowledge that I admire and respect with a heartiness not easily overstated in words.

"I am not quite with you as to the Italians. Your knowledge of the Italian character seems to me surprisingly subtle and penetrating; but I think we owe it to those most unhappy men and their political wretchedness, to ask ourselves mercifully whether their faults are not essentially the faults of a people long oppressed and priest-ridden?—whether their tendency to slink and conspire is not a tendency that spies in every dress, from the triple crown to a lousy head, have engendered in their ancestors through generations? Again, like you, I shudder at the distresses that come of these unavailing risings; my blood runs hotter, as yours does, at the thought of the leaders safe and the instruments perishing by hundreds; yet what is to be done? Their wrongs are so great that they *will* rise from time to time, somehow. It would be to doubt the eternal Providence of God to doubt that they will rise successfully at last. Unavailing struggles against a dominant tyranny precede all successful turning against it. And is it not a little hard in us

Englishmen, whose forefathers have risen so often and striven against so much, to look on, in our own security, through microscopes, and detect the motes in the brains of men driven mad? Think, if you and I were Italians, and had grown from boyhood to our present time, menaced in every day through all these years by that infernal confessional, dungeons, and soldiers, could we be better than these men? Should we be so good? *I* should not, I am afraid, if I know myself; such things would make of me a moody, bloodthirsty, implacable man, who would do anything for revenge; and if I compromised the truth—put it at the worst—habitually, where should I ever have had it before me? In the old Jesuits' college at Genoa, on the Chiaja at Naples, in the churches of Rome, at the University of Padua, on the Piazzo San Marco at Venice?—where? And the Government is in all these places and in all Italian places. I have seen something of these men. I have known Mazzini and Gallenga; Manin was tutor to my daughters in Paris; I have had long talks

about scores of them with poor Ary Scheffer who was their best friend; I have gone back to Italy after ten years, and found the best men I had known there exiled or in jail. I believe they have the faults you ascribe to them (nationally, not individually); but I could not find it in my heart, remembering their miseries, to exhibit those faults without referring them back to their causes. You will forgive my writing this, because I write it exactly as I write my cordial little tribute to the high merits of your book. If it were not a living reality to me, I should care nothing about this point of disagreement; but you are far too earnest a man, and far too able a man, to be left unremonstrated with by an admiring reader. You cannot write so well without influencing many people. If you could tell me that your book had but twenty readers, I would reply, that so good a book will influence more people's opinions through those twenty than a worthless book would through twenty thousand; and I express this with the perfect confidence of one in whose

mind the book has taken, for good and all, a separate and distinct place. Accept my thanks for the pleasure you have given me. The poor acknowledgment of testifying to that pleasure wherever I go will be my pleasure in return. And so, my dear Chorley, good-night, and God bless you.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

A joint letter from Nathaniel and Mrs. Hawthorne contained another gratifying tribute of appreciation. The former wrote :—

"DEAR MR. CHORLEY,

"I became greatly interested in Roccabella; but I have not any art of putting my impressions about books into words, and my wife has done it better than I could.* For my part, however, I think Roccabella is a true Italian, and on the whole, I consent to

* Mrs. Hawthorne's letter is only preserved in a fragment, which testifies to her admiration of the "truth, and sincerity, and earnestness" of the book.

his death, although it shocked me a little at the time. I especially admire the close of the book—your lofty integrity, for example, in not trying to patch up a happiness for Rosamond and Shepherd out of the fragments of life that remain. But, as I said before, I cannot give my reasons for like or dislike. I have a deep impression of the power of the book, and can say no more.

"Sincerely yours,

"NATH. HAWTHORNE."

In dedicating "Roccabella" to Mrs. Browning, Chorley cannot, I think, be acquitted of a grave error in judgment. The dedication, indeed, contains no allusion whatever to the political bearing of the novel, and simply offers it as a truthful "story of a woman's heart," in homage to the most distinguished of English poetesses. And, by thus throwing its leading purpose into the background, he probably hoped to avoid any suspicion of a design to offend one whom he desired to honour. But to ignore what is palpable, only

singles it out for remark; and, in this instance, it could no more be doubted that Mrs. Browning would regard the book as a conservative protest against the cause to which her heart and soul were devoted, and a satire upon the party of which she was the representative and spokeswoman, than that strangers would be divided in opinion as to whether the dedication was meant for a rebuke, or recognised a change that had taken place in her sympathies. If he justly felt himself safe from misconstruction on the part of his friend, he could not rely upon the world's being equally generous to her; and I can only explain his defective sympathy as an illustration of the extent to which intense conviction can deaden an acute sensibility. That his indiscretion was condoned by Mrs. Browning has been already seen. Some idea of the admirable temper with which she accepted the honour, and disregarded the inconsideration, may be gathered from the reference made to her reply in the letter of Mr. Browning that accompanied it. This letter I am glad to be per-

mitted to print. "Roccabella" was not written in vain when it evoked so convincing a demonstration of the justice of the cause it had disparaged.

"You will have read my wife's letter, dear Chorley. I know she feels gratified and honoured, as she tries to say—and you must understand that I take that feeling of hers, and add others of my own to it—'thank you most truly.' I agree, too, in the main, with her estimate of the book, though I should be inclined to dwell more on the artistic merits (great they are) of the characters, and agree to take more for granted in the pre-supposing a sufficient cause for action of some sort, of which you, in the present case, only choose to consider the irregular and blamable examples. Still, I wish you had given satisfaction on this point to everybody by a paragraph, no longer, of necessity, than a pregnant one I admired in "Pomfret," which disposed of the previous question of the right or wrong doctrine, and

then explained that the story would only deal with conscientiousness and its results, upon any conviction whatever, so long as it was honest. After that admission in this case of the existence of a great cause requiring great sacrifices, I should go on to enjoy the portraiture of the false, cowardly, or foolish instruments, self-elected or ill-selected, just as one enjoys the castigation of Sir Samuel Luke, 'that Mameluke,' and does not cry out against the outrage to Milton or Vane. I don't think it would be hard to prove this, by accepting for a moment all your characters as samples of the whole body of professing patriotism; abolishing them accordingly with hearty good will, and then '*beginning over again*,' by dropping you into the middle of an Italian province, suffering, as you would see; and bidding you, supposed an Italian born, set about remedying what you saw, as your conscience should instigate, and with the best means your intelligence could suggest. Here is on the table, for instance, an extract from the documents now publishing at Bologna in exemplification

of the Pope's rule in Romagna; the first three letters, declaring the simple state of things, written by those who, having caused it, are not interested in understating it, say—that of Cardinal Massimo, the legate of Ravenna, that '*tolti i vecchi, le donne, e i fanciulli, il resto della popolazione dai* 18 *anni in sopra, meno pochissimi spauriti legittimisti, è tutto per massima ostile al Governo*;' for which state of things he simply recommends '*polizia vigile, giustizia esecutiva rapida, armata, sicura.*' The letter of the Governor of Rome, Marini (now Cardinal) replies to this that '*il quadro nero di quella provincia è pur troppo naturale, per le precedenti cospiranti notizie e per la perspicaccia del descrittore*;' and the last letter is from Antonelli himself, complaining bitterly that, after a month's quiet occupation of Bologna by the Austrians, only one citizen had as yet '*fatto atto di ossequio a Sua Santità*' by a letter to the Pope at Portici. Here you have the universal grievance: protest against it in any degree, take the poorest means to make your protest effective, and help *the whole population*

to a voice, if not a blow, and you begin Roccabellaism; better than he, because you *are* better in head and heart; but when he, or the like of him, begins to imitate you *badly*, and the rest to simulate you both for worse purposes, all I ask is, don't let *yourself* be blamed; don't condemn all heroes because they breed *faquins!* Even these last do call attention to the corrupt carcass, though they feed on the same; and because of all the last ten years' Roccabellaism, comes this day of the Congress's judgment, at worst, or a continuance and extension of the present state of things, which would be best of all. Archbishop Cullen gets up and declares that the Pope's subjects love him of all loves, and that nobody but Sir Eardley Wilmot says otherwise; and what would disprove this had the Roccabellas been silent some ten years? Even loud talking pulls down a snow-mountain on people's heads, in default of more active measures; and somehow or other, it does seem rolling down at last. God speed it!

"I hope you will write another novel, and manage it more dexterously than the booksellers seem to have done in this case. I never see you advertised, nor, consequently (I suppose), noticed; and your book just wants that only to succeed. What a notice was that in the 'Athenæum'! Your self-abnegation is wrong in the very interests of the journal; for if a writer, doing deliberately his best, deserves such a comment and no more, what would his weekly thoughts and fancies deserve in the way of paragraph-room? I expect you will analyse a brace of novels at adequate length, for many a week to come, before you stop the way with somebody else's "Roccabella." These are poorer considerations to *you*, however, than to your friends. And we two here, are, as of old, your fast friends, dear Chorley. I have got stiff at a distance with daily nothings to do and chronicle (in head at least), and my words do not fly out as promptly as I could wish and as once may have been the case; but I know what I know, and remember all your kindness to us both.

You are often in our mouths, generally in our thoughts, always in our hearts. God bless you!

"Yours affectionately ever,

"R. BROWNING."

The conditions of its publication, as Mr. Browning hints, were not favourable to the success of "Roccabella;" and Chorley's resolution to try if his "luck" would be equally adverse, whether he announced or withheld his name, imposed an additional restraint upon its circulation. By his express desire, no allusion to his authorship was made in the 'Athenæum,' where it received a very inadequate notice; and beyond the confines of his own set, it seems to have attracted no attention.

Two or three pages are all that need be given to his minor productions. In 1857 he published, under the title of "Fairy Gold for Young and Old,"* a paraphrased translation of a series of fairy-tales by M. Savinien

* Routledge and Co.

Lapointe, which had obtained the hearty approbation of Béranger. The poet's characteristic letter is inserted in the preface, which also contains an interesting notice of the author, a Parisian artisan. The translation of the tales appears to be fluent and readable.

In 1864, Chorley prefixed to the second edition of Lady Wallace's translation of "Mendelssohn's Letters from Italy and Switzerland,"* a brief biographical sketch of the composer. It deals with the man rather than his works, and sums up the fascinating features of his mental and moral personality in language that, warm as it is, does not savour of the exaggeration which the writer admits the chief difficulty of his task lay in avoiding. It bears, nevertheless, the impress of his earnest affection for its subject, and is, probably on this account, in point of style among the purest and succinctest pieces of English that he ever wrote.

Of his contributions to serial literature during these years, other than those already

* Longman and Co.

noticed, I find no catalogue among his MSS. Among them were several sketches and poems inserted in "Household Words" and "All the Year Round." A word must be said of his lyrical vein, which flowed freely almost to the last; the season of holiday and travel being, as in former years, that in which he most indulged it. The plaintive and retrospective mood, which was dominant in his later life, tinges all his verse with a certain monotony. The following is one of the most graceful and cheerful examples:—

ALONE.

Dear Eve! that fillest thy golden wain
With the rich harvest of the day,
That callest shepherds from the plain,
And hermit from his book to pray.
I wonder, O how wearily!
If thy bright car will drop for me
No bounty by the way.

I ask not back the friends of old,
All in their quiet churchyards laid;
Why should they meet the winter cold?
Why be anew by Life betrayed?
Though some were lost at early noon,
Better the tree struck down too soon,
Than living heart-decayed.

But let the tree be lightning-dead,
  So please the wind, and please the rain,
And please the warm sun over-head,
  The Earth from some forgotten grain
    Shall yield a leaf, and then a stem,
    Till with a rosy diadem
  The sere trunk blooms again.

And might not some such faëry boon,
  Be given to one bereft like me,
Though dark hath been the afternoon,
  And wild the ravage of the sea?
    Dear Eve! I pray with some sweet thought
    Enwind me—like the garland wrought
  By Pity for the tree!

DOUAI, 1857.

A three-volume novel, entitled "The Prodigy: a Tale of Music,"* published in 1866, was Chorley's latest effort in fiction. Its subject is nearly identical with that of two earlier works, "Conti" and "The Lion,"—the career of a genius—but the treatment is essentially distinct. In point of skill the first admits of no comparison with it; and the second, in respect of variety of illustration and force of delineation, falls far below it; but as a realisation of the writer's intention to preach an

* Chapman and Hall. 3 vols.

artistic homily to the gifted, it can scarcely be considered more successful than either. The handsome, brilliant, generous, wilful boy who is the hero, in so far as he fails, is the victim of the weak and selfish, or bigoted and tyrannical persons who are responsible for his early training, rather than of his own folly or sin. His main fault is that of over-confidence in the guidance of his noblest impulses and worthiest ambitions; and the heaviest nemesis which this entails is the temporary forfeiture of domestic happiness. A good angel, however, is waiting for that event, who makes up the loss to him a hundredfold. So far as his musical life is concerned, his success vindicates the headstrong resolution which he showed from the first to follow his own bent. As a composer, he attains without difficulty the high eminence to which he aspired; and the accident which disables him from pursuing his equally fortunate career as an executant would be a poor theatrical expedient if designed to "point a moral." Nor does the story fulfil the promise of its title in re-

counting the ruin of powers prematurely developed. The boy, though foolishly praised, does not become spoilt, and his healthy aspirations are unexhausted when he reaches manhood. Regarded, therefore, as another "novel with a purpose," "The Prodigy" may be thought to have failed, but as so often was the case in Chorley's literary labour, the means are superior to the end, the materials separately to the structure as a whole. There is some admirable drawing of character in the book, some vivid colouring of passion, much humour, and varied illustration of scenery and manners. The delineation of the hero is throughout consistent and life-like. His wife, Marie Becker, though of an exceptional type, at once frivolous and passionate, unrefined and innocent, insincere and enthusiastic, with the lurid vein of madness running through every development of her nature, is a striking and interesting study. Susanna Openshaw, the young Quakeress, whose love rebuilds the home which Marie has shattered, is a charming and truthful conception. Among the minor

personages, Miss Galatea Whitelamb, the old maid, takes the first place; a Lancashire portrait, as manifestly faithful as a Dutch frow by Mieris or Jan Steen. Bower, Lord Caldermere, the titled manufacturer; Pastor Orelius, the German schoolmaster; Minna Twiese, the "true-souled" Burgomaster's daughter; Countess Baltakis, the vulgar tyrant of fashion, are all incisively sketched. The two exceptions to the predominant fidelity of the portraiture are the characters of Lady Caldermere and her natural son; the one displaying too little coherence in the tones of feeling ascribed to her under varying circumstances, and the other being, from first to last, a villain of the approved melodramatic type. The novel is of comparatively recent date, and can be easily procured by any who may be interested in Chorley's writings; so that an analysis of the plot, such as was demanded in the case of works now out of print, is here unnecessary. I shall only add that it contains several graphic descriptions of Continental society and manners, and that the

interest of the tale is sufficient to whet the reader's appetite, even without the condiment of "sensation," of which there is a somewhat plentiful admixture.

Several literary projects were conceived during the last years of his life, two of which, a biography of Rossini, and a version of Woltmann's "Life of Holbein," made some approach towards execution, but, from one cause or another, all were finally abandoned. The latest work that he lived to complete, published after his death, was an edition of a second series of Miss Mitford's Letters,* to which he prefixed a biographical sketch of the writer. The cordial appreciation of her literary merits, the vigorous and healthy condemnation of the idolatry to which her life was sacrificed, and the good-humoured tolerance of her occasional sallies of temper in reference to himself, give this brief memoir a worthy place among his minor productions. An incidental allusion at the close of the second volume (pp. 196, 197) to his hope that he may "one

* Messrs. Bentley and Son. 1872. 2 vols.

day tell the details" of an episode in the career of his brother, John Rutter Chorley (with whom one of Miss Mitford's correspondents had been connected in earlier life), points to the preparation of the Autobiography in which an account of that career was intended to form a special chapter. Upon this Autobiography Chorley was engaged more or less during the last ten years of his life. The materials were largely collected, and the work had so far taken shape that the contract for its speedy publication had been signed, when a sudden summons brought his earthly labours to an end.

CHAPTER XI.

Career as a musical critic from 1852 to 1868—Recognition of his influence—Estimates by Sir Michael Costa and Mr. Henry Leslie—Thanks of Lablache—Practical testimony—Employment as a writer for music—Difference of opinion with musicians—Effects of his criticism—"Modern German Music"—Extracts—"Thirty Years' Musical Recollections"—Extracts—Ballads—Lectures—Interest in musical enterprise—Birmingham Festivals—Crystal Palace Concerts and Handel Festivals—Retirement from 'Athenæum,' &c.

THE leading features of Chorley's career in connection with music during the last twenty years of his life are probably familiar to the majority of those who are likely to see these pages, and I shall therefore be discharged from the duty of chronicling it minutely. The strength and pertinacity of his convictions, and the learning and skill which he brought to sustain them, gave a marked individuality to his critical tone, which could not

be ignored even by those who liked it the least. His judgment seems by this time to have been accepted by the first musicians of England and the Continent as that of a thoroughly competent authority, and listened to by *amateurs*, except in a limited circle, with more deference than that of any other contemporary critic. In many houses, it has been said, the 'Athenæum' was habitually read solely for the sake of its musical column. He had by no means outlived obloquy,—receiving, indeed, so late as in 1862, the distinction of a metrical lampoon of several pages, expressly devoted to him,—but he had over-lived any enmity likely to be prejudicial to his influence, and established on a sure basis the friendships he cared to retain. To the weight of that influence, the assured reputation in England of more than one composer and vocalist still bears witness. To the esteem in which his opinion and countenance were held, the wide intercourse and frequent correspondence upon themes of common interest which he maintained with the leading members of the musical

world, would supply ample testimony, were it practicable to adduce it. Meyerbeer, Halévy, Berlioz, Ernst, Molique, M. Liszt, M. Gounod, Sir Michael Costa, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Leslie, Madame Viardot, Mr. Hallé, Herr E. Pauer, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley, among composers and *artistes*, Prince Poniatowski, Count Polignac, Baron Alfred von Wolzogen, Mr. S. Waley, Mrs. Tom Taylor, and Miss Gabriel, among *amateurs*, may be enumerated as representative names. One or two posthumous tributes to his memory may be cited in preference to words addressed to the living. No musician's verdict will be more readily accepted as authoritative than that of Sir Michael Costa. His intimate acquaintance with Chorley dates from 1845, and the ample opportunities it afforded him of putting critical qualifications to the test give special value to the result of his observation. A crucial test was furnished on the occasion of a visit paid to him in the Isle of Wight during 1854, when he was composing his oratorio of "Eli." The score was examined by Chorley in manuscript; and

'I found,' says the composer, 'that he knew its orchestral effects as well as I did myself.' Of the manly independence, excellent judgment, and large knowledge displayed in the musical criticism of the 'Athenæum,' Sir Michael speaks in terms of the highest praise.

Another unimpeachable authority, Mr. Henry Leslie, has kindly responded to my request for his estimate of Chorley's critical career by the following remarks. The reservation which they express upon a single point adds materially to the weight of their unreserved appreciation in other respects. Speaking from a familiar intercourse of 'nearly thirty years,' Mr. Leslie says of him, that 'gifted with a highly sensitive tempera-
'ment, he had a natural and intuitive percep-
'tion of the good and great in Art. His
'acquaintance with musical works was very
'extensive, for he deemed no trouble too great
'in order to add to his experience, frequently
'travelling considerable distances to hear the
'performance of works which had no chance
'of being produced in England. Thus he

'became known to all the leading Continental
'*artistes*, by whom he was held in great repute.

'Enthusiastic in expressing his admiration
'of whatever approached the high standard
'by which he judged, he was especially severe
'in censuring all that he deemed false. He
'was fearless in stating his own opinions of
'the merits of performances and of composi-
'tions; but those who reached his inner nature
'valued the man too much to be offended with
'that which they well knew was the honestly
'expressed opinion of the critic.

'This determined assertion of his own indi-
'vidual ideas, coupled with his knowledge
'and experience, caused him to exercise no
'ordinary influence in musical circles. Full
'of strong prejudices, yet with the highest
'sense of honour, those he most esteemed
'frequently fared worse than those whom he
'personally disliked, so earnest was his desire
'to allow no private feelings to interfere with
'his public duties.

'It would have been well had he not
'written in conjunction with others. Musi-

'cians not unnaturally expect that in the 'composition of musical works their ideas 'should be deemed worthy of consideration; 'but Mr. Chorley was of a contrary opinion, 'and it was with the utmost difficulty—indeed, 'on many occasions it was an absolute im-'possibility—for them to obtain from him the 'slightest concession.

'For very many years nearly all that was 'distinguished in Art, Science and Literature, 'was constantly to be met at his house.

'His kindness, encouragement, and help-'fulness to young aspirants were unlimited, 'and there was not one of the many cases of 'distress brought to his notice that did not 'benefit from his means, though his name 'but seldom appeared as a donor.'

Without weakening the force of this testimony by any observations of my own, I shall only add that I have met with no expression to a contrary effect, proceeding from any quarter to which the smallest importance could be attached. Of the value which individual *artistes* have entertained for Chorley's

favourable opinion, one illustration may be given, which is not the less entitled to respect that he has himself recorded it—the only instance that I remember of his having appealed to such authority on his own behalf. Referring to Lablache's remarkable personation of Gritzenko in Meyerbeer's "L'Étoile du Nord," he says: 'This last personation by Lablache was among those masterpieces which it is as well to remember as to regret, seeing that what man has done, man may do. I think that he was content with it himself. The only time, during a quarter of a century's public intercourse, that I had the honour of speaking to him was when he sought occasion to express his pleasure in respect to a few honest words of mine with regard to this opera and his share in it—'You have made,' he said to me, 'an old man very happy.'"—"Thirty Years' Musical Recollections," vol. ii. pp. 227–8.

Some more practical recognitions of the position he had attained were afforded in his lifetime. Among these I may specify the

invitations he received from such corporations as the Society of Arts and the Royal Institution to deliver courses of lectures, and from musical societies, both native and foreign, to attend their festivals; the reliance placed upon his judgment in 1862, when he was requested to select the composers and the themes appropriate to the musical inauguration of the International Exhibition, and the value attached to his evidence before the Commission of 1865, appointed to inquire into the organisation of the Academy of Music. His employment, moreover, as a librettist and adapter of words for the voice, during these years, was almost continuous. Among the best known of his productions were translations of Gluck's "Armide," "Alceste," "Orfeo," and "Iphigénie en Aulide;" Meyerbeer's "L'Étoile du Nord" and "Dinorah;" Auber's "Domino Noir;" M. Gounod's "Faust;" Berlioz's "Faust" and trilogy of "La Sainte Famille," the books of Mr. Leslie's oratorio of "Judith" and cantata of "Holyrood;" Sir J. Benedict's cantata of "St.

Cecilia;" Mr. Sullivan's opera of "The Sapphire Necklace," and cantata of "Kenilworth;" and Mr. John Thomas's cantata of "The Bride of Neath Valley;" the songs for forty melodies by Meyerbeer and twelve by M. Goldschmidt, besides a considerable number by M. Gounod, Mr. Sullivan, and other composers.

"As a writer of words for music," to quote from an obituary notice of him by a well-known pianist, "he was, of all Englishmen of his time, the most sought after. His name is coupled with that of nearly every eminent composer in this country." The success which attended his share in such work was sometimes great, notably, I believe, in the case of the cantata of "St. Cecilia," and would of itself have warranted the decided tone he adopted in reference to the form of his compositions, even had his theoretic views upon questions of Art been less pronounced than they notoriously were. Mr. Leslie's allusion to the subject on a previous page, however, expresses in temperate language what may

well have been a general feeling among musicians, that they were not sufficiently consulted by the librettist. In one or two instances where a difference of opinion was entertained between Chorley and his *collaborateurs*, the language used upon either side was anything but temperate. It is not my intention to revive the outworn interest of these disputes by a more detailed reference. Which of the combatants exhibited the gravest fault of temper, or the strangest failure of memory, is a question no longer material to determine, and may be allowed to sleep.

The service rendered to Art by such collaboration, though by no means contemptible, is, at its best, too subordinate to merit much attention; and I pass on to speak, for the last time, of the sphere wherein Chorley's worthier work was accomplished. His most strenuous critical efforts of this period were made to obtain a wider recognition for the classic and French schools of music, represented by Gluck, Auber, and M. Gounod among composers, and by Madame Viardot, Madame

Miolan-Carvalho, and M. Faure, among singers, and to withstand the attempts of the modern German schools, represented by Schumann and Herr Wagner, to obtain a permanent footing here. In the former aim he was nearly, if not entirely, successful; in the latter but partially. The music of Schumann has, for the present, secured a large share of popularity. The "Music of the Future" has at least attained to notoriety: that its advance in this direction has been very marked since Chorley's death deserves notice, if only as a coincidence. The difficulty of distinguishing between the *post hoc* and the *propter hoc* in a case of this kind is admittedly great. It is certain, at all events, that definite results have been directly attributed to his exertions by observers who are entitled to be heard with respect as professional experts. Two opinions, to this effect, may here be cited, the first of which bears traces of being extorted, by conviction alone, from a reluctant witness. I refer to a writer in the 'Orchestra' of August 1, 1868, who, in re-

viewing Chorley's career upon the occasion of his retirement from the 'Athenæum,' commented with a discriminating adjustment of approval and tolerance upon the services he had rendered.

"Whatever he may have said or written on artists and art—whether too much or too little—all was truly and justly done as far as the writer's means of judging would permit. Not infrequently his judgment stood alone, for he never feared dissenting from his contemporaries; and some of these judgments he has lived to see accepted by the public, and verified in every way by the course of events. . . . He takes credit for having at first sight discerned the merits of Gounod; and he has uniformly pressed the works of this composer upon the attention of his readers. Many would not agree with all that he has written upon Gounod; but he prophesied the success of the "Faust," and as his prophecy was fulfilled, he has, so far, the best of the argument."

In the obituary notice of Chorley's labours,

written by his able successor in the musical department of the 'Athenæum,' the following passage chronicles them with less stinted satisfaction :—

"It was once said of a well-known *impressario* that he had 'invented Jenny Lind and resuscitated Sontag.' Mr. Chorley neither invented nor resuscitated, but he created interest in an artist by praising ability, which required only aid to be developed. In the early days of three tenors, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Charles Lockey, and Mr. Vernon Rigby, the discerning criticism of Mr. Chorley was certainly not at fault. In the recognition of the genius of M. Gounod, it was more than the ear which discriminated—it was the intellect. How much Mr. Santley was indebted to the early assistance and friendly councils of Mr. Chorley, that baritone-basso is always ready to admit. We might extend the list if necessary, to show how skilled he was in marking the earliest tokens of a future executant."

It must be allowed as probable, on the other hand, that Chorley's influence may often have failed of its full effect by reason of his over-earnestness. He could be as lavish of praise as he was unsparing in denunciation; never, I think, being really indiscriminate in either, but often carrying both to an excess which was apt to provoke reaction. In the artistic, not less than in the political world, an Aristides may owe ostracism to his friends, a Henry VIII. "whitewashing" to his enemies. That M. Gounod, Madame Viardot, Madame Ristori, or Mr. Sullivan has ever suffered from Chorley's zealous admiration is perhaps less likely than that his severity has benefited the objects of his aversion. There was a peculiar pungency in some of his epithets, a humorous ferocity in his sallies, which piqued one's curiosity to ascertain how far they were deserved. The audiences of "La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein," for example, were almost sure to be increased by the savagery of his assault upon it as an "offensive trifle;" and the 'Christy Minstrels,' *et hoc genus*

omne, could afford to laugh at his sarcastic allusion to those "who had degraded the sentimental word *serenader* into something suggestive of a monkey and a blacking-brush!"

For good or for evil, however, so far as his own loves and hates were concerned, the vigorous justice with which he wielded the critical *bâton* was frankly acknowledged by friends and foes. The conviction that he was thus appreciated atoned to him for much of the discomfort consequent upon the position of antagonism which he perpetually occupied. A characteristic expression of this in a private letter, addressed to the Editor of the 'Athenæum' in 1855, to explain the tone he had felt it right to adopt in reference to a brother critic's productions, may fitly conclude the estimate of his career as a musical journalist:—

"I desired to do my best for him, *because* he has always damaged me in the ——— whenever he could, and it is just my bit of pride, if I *be* over-critical, not to be resentful; the solitary repute which I have won from

so many years of labour being 'justice,' and this from those that dislike me."

A more deliberate utterance of his opinions and sympathies in connection with music than he was able to put forth as a journalist, will be found in two published works of this period, of which some account must be given.

The first of these, which appeared in 1854 under the title of "Modern German Music,"* was, in fact, a republication of the chapters of his former work "Music and Manners," which had embraced that branch of the subject, but supplemented with large additions, the fruit of later study. Though not entirely freed from the blemishes which disfigured it in its original shape, the book bears every mark of being carefully revised, and entitled to the honourable reputation which, I believe, it enjoys as a work of authority. A few only of the most important additions can here be noticed. The chapters on Gluck (vol. i. pp. 262–279), Spohr and Cherubini (vol. ii. pp. 78–96; 224–240), appear to be the most

* Smith, Elder, and Co. 2 vols.

thoughtfully studied; those on Mozart and Beethoven (vol. ii. pp. 159–171; 291–319) the most unconventional in criticism; that on Herr Wagner (vol. i. pp. 348–371) the most trenchant in censure. The following extracts are selected as illustrations of the writer's method. Their intrinsic value as expressions of opinion on the respective merits of the two composers named, will be variously estimated.

"The operas of Gluck can only be studied as they deserve by being heard and seen; and, moreover, under conditions of careful and magnificent presentation. The most experienced and imaginative of readers will derive from the closest perusal of the scores of Gluck's operas feeble and distant impressions of their power and beauty. . . . . He wrote for the stage; and when he has been judged in the closet, he has been either half judged, or else curiously misunderstood. . . . . The world requires beauty and variety of tone, as well as power of lungs—some elasticity in the voice, as well as some precision in delivering the words—a company, in short, of great dramatic vocalists of genius—to draw from the music of Gluck its whole meaning. . . . . But leaving such Utopian visions of what a represented opera by Gluck should be, there is enough in his music, when reverently sung and played by the inferior singers and coarse operatic actors of modern Germany, to surprise by its beauty, as well as to arrest by its power. What a voluptuous lusciousness of melody floats and dies through the fairy scenes of "Armide"! There is no instance of fascination in music more exquisite than the great tenor

song of Rinaldo, 'Plus j'observe;' no melody more alluring in its mellow monotony than Lucinda's *solo* in the same opera, 'Jamais dans ces beaux lieux.' . . . . In "Alceste," the beauty is more irresistible than the intense magic tenderness of the music. I have never been more moved by delicious sensations and deep emotions conjointly, so strongly as by a very moderate performance of this opera at Berlin. . . . . In none of the cited instances is there the slightest attempt —born of weakness, and bred by conceit—to force art beyond its own special bounds. None of these specimens is antipathetic to the voice or repulsive to the singer, or conciliatory of those strange souls who hold that sincerity and brutality, might and ugliness, are one. . . . . Yet those who would praise, and who endeavour while praising also to prove, the beauty of Gluck, are as yet without a public. In like manner, I have never heard one of Gluck's operas without being surprised by a merit in them for which the annalists (before the time of M. Berlioz, at least) have never given him credit—namely, orchestral variety, interest, and invention. . . . . Certain it is that his fancies, as fancies, come out into brighter relief than anything in Mozart's operas—*Taminos'* flute, *Papagenos'* bells, and the *tromboni* that speak together with *Il Commendatore* perhaps excepted. Let me cite, as a few among many instances, the dialogue betwixt the two wind instruments to the words 'J'entends retentir,' &c., in "Iphigénie en Aulide;" the ferocious life given to the chorus of Scythians in "Iphigénie en Tauride," by the use of the cymbal; the lute-like *pizzicatto* of the violins in the chorus with ballet in the second act of "Alceste," and then the entire change of intruments on the *amoroso* in G minor which serves as *trio* (so to say) to this composition. . . . . His recitative stands alone; approached by Mozart only, in some few passages, such, for instance, as Donna Anna's burst in "Don Juan," when she recognises her father's murderer; emulated by

Rossini in his third act of "Otello;" but by himself always maintained at the highest point of interest, without ever becoming overwrought or oppressive. By this very characteristic, those who have searched the depths of musical invention would have been led to admit the claims of Gluck as a melodist; seeing that no good recitative will be ever written by those who are ignorant of the balance of cadence—of the sweetness or sadness of certain intervals—of contrast betwixt phrase and phrase—of measured time, least licentious when freest—of all, in short, that goes to make one of the tunes in which the world is to delight."—Vol. i. pp. 262-279.

"There is probably no musician, living or dead, by whom the same general completeness of beauty has been exhibited as by the composer of "Don Juan," and perhaps no more exact parallel can be made than the one which designates him the *Raphael* of his art. And thus the intense satisfaction that *Mozart* has ministered to every intelligence—lofty, mediocre, lowly—may by many be thought placed above examination and question; and thus examiners and inquirers may, by the very fact of their inquiry, be unfairly placed side by side with the group of strong and gnarled and gifted and perverse men whose *pre*-Raphaelism in painting has become a byword, and given a name to a school. Nevertheless, though perfect harmony and beauty command the largest congregation, and subdue the large proportion of the mixed intelligence and affectionate faith of the world (this without cant or hypocrisy on the part of true believers); though further, without an overruling feeling for beauty, the imaginative arts can have small existence as arts—harmony is still not the only essential quality—beauty is still not the highest merit—because it may exist without the existence of commanding power, of brilliant genius, of fresh invention.

And seeing that Mozart has enchanted rather than excited the world—seeing that he has provided for the average sensations and sympathies of mankind, rather than enlarged the number of these, or exalted their quality, it appears to me impossible entirely to subscribe to his supremacy as affording that *Alpha* and *Omega* of musical excellence, which the fond millions of his worshippers have delighted to ascribe to it. To state the argument in another form, let me submit that in art, in literature—in all that concerns appeal to the sympathies by imagination—there are few confusions more frequently made than that of sentiment for feeling. We lean to the former because it soothes us, afflicts us with a pleasing pain, strews flowers above all corpses, presents the right emotion at the right moment, calling on us neither to scale terrible heights nor to fathom perilous depths, while it in no respect shrinks from the extremes of ecstasy and despair. It is not merely the light of heart, the frivolous of character, the feeble in thought, whom sentiment satisfies, persuades, and fascinates. There are many of a graver, deeper nature, more cruelly afflicted in their own experiences, who object that Art should, in any form, mirror the secrets of their hearts: considering it in some sort as a holiday-land, a place of healing repose, and of easy (not vacant) enjoyment—not as an arena in which the battle of life and suffering may be fought over again, merely by phantom combatants. The perfection, then, of sentimental expression—more generally popular because less disturbing than the deepest feeling or the most poignant dramatic power—is the quality which has universally charmed the world in the music of Mozart, expressed as it is by him in a style where freedom and serenity, Italian sweetness of vocal melody and German variety of instrumental science are combined as they have never been before or since his time. That he could rise above this level is as true as that for the most part he *did not* rise above it. The opening scene

of "Don Juan," the recitative 'Don Ottavio son morto,' the *stretto* to the *finale* in the first act, and the cemetery duett in that opera—the "Confutatis" in the 'Requiem'—the pianoforte fantasia in C minor, and the overture to the "Zauberflöte," among his instrumental writings—all instances of what I consider higher in tone than mere sentiment—will perhaps suffice to illustrate my distinction. In the generality of Mozart's works, however, there is an evenness of beauty, an absence of excitement — dare I say an inattention to characterisation in drama?—which leave something of vigour and variety to be desired. Within the circle of his oratorios and cantatas (their respective musical epochs compared), Handel is more various than the composer of "Figaro" in his "Jupiter Symphony," his quartettes, his masses, and his pianoforte works. Haydn, in his instrumental works, has fresher inspirations — never any so voluptuous—many more frivolous (for Mozart was never frivolous, even when writing a waltz or a *quodlibet*)—but some more picturesque in their originality. Gluck is grander and more impassioned in opera. Beethoven, of course, flies many an arrow flight beyond him in symphony, *sonata*, quartette, and *concerto*. While no one who has done so much has done so generally well, there is no single work by Mozart, in any style, than which some other single work, having greater interest, by some other composer, could not be cited. We can go backward from Mozart to Bach and Handel. We can go forward from him to Beethoven. We can condescend (if it please the purists so to state the case) from "Don Juan" and "Figaro" to "Guillaume Tell" and "Il Barbiere;" but some of us cannot return from any of these masters to Mozart without feeling as if some of the brightness, so long thought incomparable, had passed away from our divinity; that while, as a mingler of many powers, he has no peer—if regarded either as a subduer, as an awakener, or as a charmer by mirth—there

are separate stars of the first magnitude larger than his star."—Vol. ii. pp. 159–171.

As an illustration of Chorley's catholicity of taste, the following extract from his chapters on the Waltz Music of Vienna may be worth quoting. Referring to a ball at the *Sperl*, at which Strauss was the conductor, he says:

"There was in the music that strange mixture of pensiveness and inebriating spirit but faintly represented in the ballrooms of London and Paris, even by the same Strauss when directing the same orchestra, and playing the same tunes, which makes me also remember the evening. The exquisite modulation of the triple *tempo* which no French orchestra can render—full to the utmost fulness, yet not heavy—round and equal, yet still with a slight *propelling* accent—the precision and the pleasure among the players, and the unstudied quiet animation of the waltz-master himself, made up an irresistible charm—a case of that fascination by perfect concord, without any apparent mechanical weariness, which long practice only can give—a delicious example of some of the most luscious tones that happy orchestral combination can produce, called out in expression and enhancement of some of the most beautiful music of modern Europe."—Vol. ii. p. 147.

Passing over with an allusion an arrangement of verses to "English tunes," which he published in 1857, and two productions of his pen in 1859 of which I have not found copies, viz., two parts of a series of

studies on Handel and a small educational treatise on music, I must briefly notice the two volumes of "Recollections,"* which embodied the results of his thirty years' experience. The formal method in which he has arranged his subject, and the unusual slovenliness of his style in this book, have probably deterred many readers from doing it justice. It will be found, by those who have courage to overcome the first instinct of repulsion thus occasioned, not only a pithy summary of operatic history during the period it embraces, but abounding in suggestive *dicta* and graphic descriptions. The careful estimates of individual composers and singers which it contains give it special interest and value, if some needful allowance be made for the critic's temptation to be a "*laudator temporis acti*," when writing of recent celebrities and the tastes "of the hour." That no opportunity is lost of proclaiming his favourite theories and denouncing his peculiar aversions in Art will

* "Thirty Years' Musical Recollections." Hurst and Blackett. 1862. 2 vols.

be taken for granted, without illustrations; but one or two extracts may be made to exemplify the variety with which he has contrived to treat a theme in itself sufficiently limited. Here, for instance, is a noteworthy observation upon national characteristics:

"He (Donizetti) is remarkable as an instance of freshness of fancy brought on by incessant manufacture. Such a change is almost exclusively confined to Italian genius in its workings. It learns and grows, while creating. If it be moved by no deep purpose, it avails itself of self-correction; it strengthens its force on unconscious experience. Whereas German after German has gone deeper and deeper into fog-land, when aspiring to produce what music cannot give, Italian after Italian has not merely perfected his own peculiar style, but has enlarged his science, and arrived at novelty, at a period of his career when it might have been fancied that nothing but truism remained to be given out."—Vol. i. p. 154.

Here is a definition of what is involved in the element of *time* in music:

"It is not such mere correctness as is insured by the metronome; not such artful licence in giving and taking as is apt to become artifice and affectation; but that instinctive feeling for propriety—which no lessons can teach—that due recognition of accent and phrase; it is that absence of flurry and exaggeration such as make the discourse and behaviour of certain persons remarkable in themselves, be the matter and occasion what they may—that intelligent composure without coldness, which at once impresses and reassures those who see and hear it."—Vol. i. p. 130.

The last extract I shall make is an example of Chorley's skill in description:

"There remains a strange scene to be spoken of—the last appearance of this magnificent musical artist (Pasta), when she allowed herself, many years later, to be seduced into giving one performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, and to sing in a concert for the Italian cause at the Royal Italian Opera. Nothing more ill-advised could have been dreamed of. Madame Pasta had long ago thrown off the stage and all its belongings. . . . . Her voice, which, at its best, had required ceaseless watching and practice, had been long ago given up by her. Its state of utter ruin on the night in question passes description. She had been neglected by those who, at least, should have presented her person to the best advantage admitted by time. Her queenly robes (she was to sing some scenes from "Anna Bolena") in nowise suited or disguised her figure. Her hairdresser had done some tremendous thing or other with her head—or rather had left everything undone. A more painful and disastrous spectacle could hardly be looked on. There were artists present, who had then, for the first time, to derive some impression of a renowned artist—perhaps with the natural feeling that her reputation had been exaggerated. Among these was Rachel—whose bitter ridicule of the entire sad show made itself heard throughout the whole theatre, and drew attention to the place where she sat—one might even say, sarcastically enjoying the scene. Among the audience, however, was another gifted woman, who might far more legitimately have been shocked at the utter wreck of every musical means of expression in the singer; who might have been more naturally forgiven, if some humour of self-glorification had made her severely just—not worse—to an old *prima donna*; I mean

Madame Viardot. Then, and not till then, she was hearing Madame Pasta. But truth will always answer to the appeal of truth. Dismal as was the spectacle—broken, hoarse, and destroyed as was the voice—the great style of the singer spoke to the great singer. The first scene was *Anne Boleyn's* duet with *Jane Seymour*. The old spirit was heard and seen in Madame Pasta's 'Sorgi,' and the gesture with which she signed to her penitent rival to rise. Later, she attempted the final mad scene of the opera—that most complicated and brilliant among the mad scenes on the modern musical stage—with its two *cantabile* movements, its snatches of recitative, and its *bravura* of despair, which may be appealed to as an example of vocal display, till then unparagoned, when turned to the account of frenzy, not frivolity—perhaps, as such, commissioned by the superb creative artist. By that time, tired, unprepared, in ruin as she was, she had rallied a little. When — on *Anne Boleyn's* hearing the coronation music for her rival, the heroine searches for her own crown on her brow—Madame Pasta wildly turned in the direction of the festive sounds, the old irresistible charm broke out; nay, even in the final song, with its *roulades* and its scales of shakes, ascending by a semi-tone, the consummate vocalist and tragedian, able to combine form with meaning—the moment of the situation, with such personal and musical display as forms an integral part of operatic art —was indicated, at least to the apprehension of a younger artist. 'You are right!' was Madame Viardot's quick and heartfelt response (her eyes full of tears) to a friend beside her. 'You are right!' it is like the 'Cenacolo' of Da Vinci at Milan—a wreck of a picture, but the picture is the greatest picture in the world!"—Vol. i. pp. 136–139.

Of the capacity which he felt conscious of

possessing, and, under more favourable circumstances, might have developed as a composer, Chorley has left some trace in his ballads, the "elegance" of which has been commended by so competent a judge as Mr. Leslie. Less skilled ears cannot fail to be charmed by the graceful simplicity of the melody in "When I was young" and "The Enchanted River," the admirable fitness of the setting to the chivalrous sentiment and antique expression of "Bid me not the Lady praise." Both the air and words in each of these examples are his own; and the conjunction may be taken as his best attempt to realise the views he held as to the relation between poetry and music. This relation was the subject of a lecture which he delivered before the Royal Institution, February, 1861.* Another lecture given at the Musical Institute was devoted to Moore, the English poet who, in his opinion, had

* See vol. i. pp. 134 and 294. His view seems to be nearly identical with that put forth by Gluck, in the preface to "Alceste." It is improbable, however, that Chorley could have seen this in 1834, when his attention was first drawn to the subject.

brought the union of verse and song to the highest perfection. Both these lectures are marked by the critic's acumen and learning, but they are less rich in either than the series of four lectures on National Music read before the Royal Institution in 1862, and subsequently delivered at Manchester and Birmingham. The theme afforded ample scope for research and speculation, and both are to be found here, supported by a profusion of illustration which attests the wide range of Chorley's experience as a student of the art. It is to be regretted that these, his last contributions of moment to musical literature, and into which he has condensed so much character and observation, should still remain in manuscript. A lecture upon the recognition of music among the Arts, delivered (by request) before the Society of Arts in 1859, and one upon "Race in connection with Music," read before the Anthropological Society in 1866, will be respectively found among the published transactions of those institutions.

Throughout his life, and with unabated force to the last, he showed the warmest interest in all public or private enterprises by which Music was to be served or honoured. The Birmingham Festivals were the special subject of his approbation; and he was "never tired," says a friend who was in constant correspondence with him, "of praising, not only the performances, which he considered the most perfect in the world, but also the general management (under the care of Mr. Peyton), the courteous reception of strangers and the universal holiday feeling and hospitality manifested on these occasions by the inhabitants." The same friend speaks of the keen enjoyment which Chorley took "in the musical performances at the Crystal Palace; his appreciation of the readiness shown on the part of the managers to produce new works, and to give young musicians an opportunity of appearing before the public. Of the Handel Festivals he always wrote in the highest terms of admiration, attending them regularly with a party, and laughingly

calling his four seats at the Palace 'Chorley Row.' The friends who were fortunate enough to accompany him in his drives to Sydenham, on those days, will recollect how much pleasure he and they derived from excursions which, from breakfast to dinner, he knew so well how to arrange, never forgetting those small details of comfort and luxury which add much to the amusement of a day passed amid delights of the highest intellectual order. One day Madame Viardot would be the life and soul of his party; on another, Sir John Coleridge's quiet humour and genial spirits compelled every one else to enjoy it."

Other illustrations might be added to show that Chorley's long term of service to Art in what modern cynicism is pleased to call the menial capacity of a critic, had not chilled his ardour. That term nominally ended at Midsummer, 1868, when he retired from the musical department of the 'Athenæum,' after thirty-five years' connection with it.*

* He celebrated the occasion by giving a farewell dinner at

He continued, however, to communicate occasional articles on musical topics, signed with his name or initials, until the close of 1871. A technical organ ('The Orchestra') received contributions from him within two months of his death.

Wembley Hill, to the *employés* of the publishing office. His health did not allow of his being present, but through his friend Mr. Francis, the publisher, he addressed a few kindly words of parting to his "fellow-workers," whom he reminded that during all the years of his service, "not a single angry word or doubtful transaction had passed on either side, and thanked with all his heart for their prompt and courteous punctuality, which had made not the easiest of tasks a comparatively light one."

CHAPTER XII.

Private and social life, from 1852 to 1872—Residence at No. 13, Eaton Place West—Description of the house—Parties—Extract from letter to Liverpool—Opposition to "Spiritualistic" mania—Friendship with Charles Dickens—Letters from him—Visits to Gad's Hill—Miss Dickens' reminiscences—Mr. Procter—Hawthorne—Other associates—Deaths of Miss Mitford and Sir Wm. Molesworth—Letter to Liverpool—Illness and death of his sister—Memorial sketch of his brother John's career—Letter from Mr. Carlyle—Professor Ticknor—Accession of fortune—Mental depression, loneliness, and failing health—A fatal expedient—Travels—Letter from Spain—Scarborough—Wakehurst Place—Memory of early friendship—Letters—Affectionate relations with Mr. Benson Rathbone—Friendship with the writer—Reminiscences—Death of Dickens—Letters to the writer—Employment on autobiography—Preface—Acceleration of organic disease—Letters to Liverpool—His death, and funeral.

THE twenty years of Chorley's residence in Eaton Place West are those by which he is most likely to be remembered in London society. In some respects they were the

happiest, in others, the saddest of his life. On the bright side may be set the advantages of a recognised literary and social position, the enjoyment of one close and of many cordial intimacies, and the satisfaction of being able to repay a long-cherished debt of gratitude to his oldest friend, by the formation of a new bond of attachment. On the dark side, must be reckoned the increasing burdens of loneliness and ill-health, the loss, in quick succession, of beloved associates by death, and the loss of others by estrangement, the pain of which was aggravated by the sense that it was to some extent attributable to his own conduct. It is scarcely necessary to add to this category the disappointments consequent upon his failures as an author, for these seem to have been more easily borne than they had formerly been. Long habit had doubtless case-hardened him in this respect, and their relative importance was sensibly diminished by the weight of other trials which pressed upon his affections.

His new house (No. 13) claims a paragraph

or two to itself. However unpretending externally, its interior was almost dainty enough to deserve the praise bestowed upon it by Mrs. Hawthorne (p. 111, *ante*). He used to speak of it as the last house in Belgravia proper, i.e., on the Belgrave estate, and extol it as characterised by all the excellencies of Cubitt's building, notwithstanding its small scale. Apropos of its size, I have heard him relate his interview with the estate agent, who showed him over it on the completion of his purchase, and made some apology for the narrowness of the staircase. "Never mind," replied Chorley; "I shall require a very narrow coffin."—"I have sold a great many leases of similar houses, sir, but I never heard a gentleman make such an observation before!" was the astonished man's rejoinder. Chorley's conviction, expressed after this grimly-humorous fashion, that he should spend his last years in the house, was justified by the event, but the staircase was witness to many a pleasant scene before rendering him its final service. Always "given to

hospitality," he had now the means which were wanting in former years to fulfil his desires, and the house lent itself very graciously to that end. The dining-room, to which dark paper and curtains, a tall antique cabinet in carved oak, a projecting *armoire*, filled with old china, books on each side of the window, and some specimens of Etty, Turner, Patrick Nasmyth, and other artists, gave a certain air of sombre quaintness; the recessed landings, and the miniature double drawing-room, bright with white and gold, formed singularly attractive reception-rooms for a bachelor with a large acquaintance, while the "chamber in the wall," as he used to call his tiny spare bed-room, was big enough for the lodging of any guest who was more than an acquaintance. These details will not seem too trivial to be recalled by those (and their number is considerable) who have habitually partaken of Chorley's hospitality in this unique little house.* Of the principal guests

* None were more heartily welcomed there than foreign guests. A large party was expressly given for Meyerbeer on

whom he used to assemble during the last ten years of his life, I may speak presently. His parties, during the earlier time of his residence there, were larger than he latterly attempted, and occasionally in excess of the accommodation. An absurd scene at one such party may be still remembered by some who were present. The account he gave of it in a letter to Liverpool is worth extracting, if only to relieve a record which has been, and must be to the close, shadowed with much sadness. The frequently morbid tone of his temperament was consistent with a hearty enjoyment of life in other moods; and no better illustration could be given than the following, of his ability to extract fun out of its most trifling incidents.

"Thank you, dear B., for the box of bouquets, which arrived duly, and made me wish anew I had *you* instead. The week is over now. Peyton, who is a very companionable inmate, is gone. I had the Leslies

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his coming to London in 1855 to attend the performance of "L'Étoile du Nord."

with me, and the Santleys one day—the Lehmanns, too. Emily will tell you of my huge party on Thursday, but she could not tell you of one of the most whimsical things I ever saw; no, I did not see it. But crinoline had so choked my drawing-room (you could not see a nail of carpet) that when Lady M—— came—you have seen that she is not small—in all her bravery from another party, there was no getting into the room. So she stood in the little landing with about ten men—you know how little the landing is. Well, fancy a procession of this kind arriving from below—first, a jug of hot water, second, a flat candle, lighted, third, H——, very fat, very hot, very tired—too much all three to endure a crowd in a little room, and who thought he could creep up to bed! I found the landing party in fits of entertainment at his face when he turned the corner of the stairs!

"On Friday we were but four men in the drive to Sydenham (with the Sims Reeves and Miss Cushman to dinner). I took down E——, a new acquisition—one, though not

up to Maule (who ever will be?), who is more in that style—solid, superior, gentle, and gentlemanly—than any one I have lately met—a man of deep learning in Oriental matters, who has taken, too, to me. . . . . I won't tell you how far this performance* surpassed that of '57—27,000 people at the 'Israel;' but I missed Leighton, and I missed you." . . . .

At the houses of his friends, Chorley's presence was often noteworthy on account of the pronounced tone of his opinions on certain subjects. It will not be forgotten by those among his acquaintance who have subscribed to the tenets of spiritualism, how rigidly, both by word and deed, he was wont to protest against their theory and practice. A reference has already been made to his conflict of opinion on this head with Mrs. Browning. In connection with the resistance that he offered to the wider spread of the contagion by which her lucid mind was affected, he has left a chapter of reminiscence, from which an

* The Handel Festival of 1859.

extract must be given, in deference to the earnestness of his feeling. The interest of the question has so long been exhausted, that without some such justification an apology would be requisite for adding any further to its literature.

'I have always, on principle, resisted swell-
'ing the crowd of those, professedly anxious
'to wait on experiments, in reality hungerers
'and thirsters after "sensation;" the more
'since, when the imagination is once engaged,
'those as nervous as myself may well mistrust
'that which by way of term is so largely
'abused—"the evidence of the senses." What
'do our keenest powers of observation avail,
'when they are brought to bear on the leger-
'demain of a Robert Houdin, a Bosco (that
'distasteful, fat old Italian, who executed his
'wonders by the aid of hands ending arms
'naked to the shoulder)? What, still more,
'when they attempt to unravel the sorceries
'of such a conjuror as the Chevalier de Caston
'—the man who could name the cards which
'distant persons had silently taken from an

'unbroken pack, with his back turned and
'blindfolded, and at the distance of a draw-
'ing-room and a half? This, further, I saw
'him do. There were three of us sitting
'on an ottoman in the front room, he, as
'I have said, with his back to us, and
'thoroughly blindfolded. Two opaque por-
'celain slates, to all appearance entirely new,
'were brought. On one of these, each of the
'three wrote, in pencil, a question, without
'uttering a word. The slates were laid face
'to face, and bound together with a broad
'ribbon, thus totally clear of transparency.
'My question was, in French, "What was
'the colour of Cleopatra's hair?" I forget the
'other two. The Chevalier put his hands
'behind his chair. I placed the slates so
'bound in the two hands. He retained them
'a moment, without stirring or turning, and,
'to my amazement, said, "Cleopatra dyed her
'hair, so wore all colours." The other two
'questions, which I have forgotten, were no
'less pertinently and explicitly answered.
'Now, even on the theory of complicity, it

'would be by no means easy to explain this
'feat. I can only say that I am satisfied I
'have recounted it accurately.*

'When one Alexis was here, who was
'guaranteed to read everything, no matter
'how far off, however hermetically sealed up,†
'a friend of mine called on his way to a
'*séance*—no willing co-juggler with Alexis, I
'am persuaded, but leaning towards his
'marvels. He was anxious that I should
'bear him company. I declined, on the argu-
'ment I have stated. "Well," said he, "what
'*would* satisfy you?" Said I, "Supposing I
'were to write an odd word—such a one as
''orchestra'—and seal it, and satisfy myself
'that no one could read it without break-
'ing the seal, and be equally satisfied that
'no one would mention it who was honestly
'disposed"—"Well?" "Well, then, *if* it was

* 'This Chevalier de Caston, by the way, was the only pro-
'fessor of his art who succeeded in puzzling Charles Dickens,
'himself a consummate and experienced conjuror.

† 'Yet the reading of the number of the historical bank-
'note of £1000, payable to him who could pronounce it, has
'never, I believe, been accomplished.

'read, I should say the guess was a good
'one—nothing more." "Let us try." I
'went into an adjoining room for writing
'materials, and thought, as an odd word, of
'"Pondicherry." I wrote down this; I satis-
'fied my eyes that no one could read it unless
'it was tampered with. It was signed, sealed,
'and delivered. I am, at this day of writing,
'as satisfied of my friend's honour as I am of
'my own. He was to come back to dine with
'me and to report what had happened. He
'did come back, scared considerably, but in
'no respect disabused. "Well," said I, "did
'he read my note?" "Oh, yes, immediately;
'but he read it wrong. He read *orchestra*."
'That my friend may have whispered, "Chor-
'ley's test-word" into some ear can hardly
'be doubted by those who are, as Hood says,
'"with small belief encumbered;" but, of his
'honest self, he took the performance as a
'brilliant illustration of *thought-reading*.

'Almost enough of these pitiful matters.
'One more experience, however, is not un-
'worthy of being told, as showing how the

'agitation was kept up, and, when denounced,
'how those denouncing it were treated. I
'was in the house of an old friend given to
'divers amusements and sensations, who, one
'evening, having a society rather credu-
'lous, mesmeric, and supernaturally disposed
'around her, bethought herself, by way of
'the evening's amusement, "to turn tables;"
'if rappings came, so much the better. I was
'about to leave, in the fullness, or emptiness
'(which?), of my unbelief, when I was espe-
'cially asked to remain and be convinced. I
'felt that inquiry was impossible, and I said
'so; but in answer I was asked, "What form
'of inquiry would satisfy me? If I would
'stay, I might inquire to the utmost." The
'answer was, a row of candles on the floor
'and my seat underneath the table. All this
'was cordially, kindly granted to the unbe-
'liever, who had been persuaded to stay.
'Down sat the believers; almost on the floor
'sat the unbeliever. The above made a chain
'of hands; the low man watched their feet.
'The table, which I am assured bore a fair

'reputation among wooden oracles, was stead-
'fast not to stir. I sat, and they sat, and we
'sat, for nearly a good half-hour. (Happily,
'the abominable pretext at a prayer had been
'omitted.) At length, the eight believers
'became tired; and the most enthusiastic
'among them broke up the *séance* in "a
'temper." "There can be no experiments,"
'said he, "where an infidel spirit prevails."
'And so I went forth, branded as a "spoil-
'sport;" and, as such, in a certain world,
'have never recovered the place before that
'time allowed me.

'Long live legerdemain as a useless com-
'bination of ingenuity, memory, and mecha-
'nical appliances—owned as such! But when,
'after seeing its perfect marvels, exhibited by
'way of dramatic show and paid for by
'money, one is invited and expected to be-
'lieve in revelations which have never told
'one secret—in oracles from the dead, the
'best of which amount to the sweet spring
'saying, "Grass is green"—it is not wholly
'unnatural that with some, be they ever so

'prosaic, be they ever so imaginative, the 'gorge *will* rise, and the dogmatism (it may 'be) become strong, if only because it is the 'inevitable descendant of the superstition. 'To play with the deepest and most sacred 'mysteries of heart and brain, of love beyond 'the grave, of that yearning affection which 'takes a thousand shapes when distance and 'suspense divide it from its object, is a fear-'ful, an unholy work. If this dreary chapter, 'which expresses almost the sincerest of con-'victions that can influence a man towards 'the decline of his life, can make any one dis-'posed to tamper with "wandering thoughts 'and vain imaginations" consider, without 'cant or pedantry, the argument endeavoured 'to be illustrated, it will not have been written 'in vain.'

The brightest part of these years was that which was illumined by his friendship with Charles Dickens. Their acquaintance has been referred to as dating from an earlier period; but they did not become intimate until 1854, when an office of charity, in which

both were interested, brought them into frequent communication. During the last few years of Dickens's life they were in constant correspondence; and there was probably no other man of letters, with the exception of Mr. Forster, to whom his confidence was so entirely given. Amid many differences of mental and moral constitution, there was one salient feature in common. In Dickens this quality of *punctuality*, as Chorley used to describe it, was manifest in the minutest particulars. He himself was less scrupulously methodical; but in all essential points his thorough trustworthiness was equally prominent. One who knew him well says of him, that "whatever he undertook, he could always be relied upon to perform; whether it was the review of a book for the 'Athenæum,' with only twenty-four hours before going to press—a sudden journey to Paris in midwinter, to hear a new singer—or the ordering of a dinner—all were performed with absolute fidelity and certainty, to the best of his ability." Though both the friends were pro-

bably self-conscious of possessing this characteristic, it seems to have been to each the object of special admiration in the other. Both, too, as has been said, recognised in one another the presence of a generous candour that admitted of no bar to the mutual interchange of criticism. Chorley's review of "Bleak House," in the 'Athenæum' of 1853, mingled praise and blame with even more discrimination than Dickens employed in his before-cited estimate of "Roccabella." How highly his friend's favourable verdict was valued by the great novelist may be judged from the following note, addressed to Chorley after the appearance of his review of "Our Mutual Friend:"

"Office of 'All the Year Round,'
"No. 20, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.
"Saturday, 28th of October, 1865.

"MY DEAR CHORLEY,

"I find your letter here only to-day. I shall be delighted to dine with you on Tuesday, the 7th, but I cannot answer for Mary, as she is staying with the Lehmanns.

To the best of my belief, she is coming to Gad's this evening to dine with a neighbour. In that case, she will immediately answer for herself. I have seen the 'Athenæum,' and most heartily and earnestly thank you. Trust me, there is nothing I could have wished away, and all that I read there affects and delights me. I feel so generous an appreciation and sympathy so very strongly, that if I were to try to write more, I should blur the words by seeing them dimly.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"C. D."

[Inscribed by Chorley:]

"I must keep this letter, as referring to my review of 'Our Mutual Friend.'"

Such other relics of Dickens's large correspondence with him as Chorley has preserved (the bulk of it having been deliberately destroyed), attest the thorough sympathy that subsisted between the two. On no occasion of his life, when he needed help, great or small, whether consolation under affliction,

counsel in the settlement of a dispute, or as to the adaptation of his voice to a lecture-room, did Dickens fail to render it. More than once during these years, when bowed down by the weight of loneliness, ill-health, and sorrow, he was absorbed in moods of utter depression, or driven to adopt the most fatal of expedients for removing it, the clear healthy sense of Dickens was felt by him as a tower of strength; and it was doubtless a remembrance of the influence extended at such times that dictated the language of a grateful bequest to his friend, as to one by whom he had been "greatly helped."

Two or three miscellaneous notes which he received from Dickens are subjoined, to illustrate the terms on which they stood.

"16 Hyde Park Gate,
"South Kensington Gore, W.
"Saturday, 1st March, 1862.

"MY DEAR CHORLEY,

"I was at your lecture* this afternoon, and I hope I may venture to tell you that

* The first of the series on "National Music."

I was extremely pleased and interested. Both the matter of the materials and the manner of their arrangement were quite admirable, and a modesty and complete absence of any kind of affectation pervaded the whole discourse, which was quite an example to the many whom it concerns. If you could be a very little louder, and would never let a sentence go for the thousandth part of an instant, until the last word is out, you would find the audience more responsive. A spoken sentence will never run alone in all its life, and is never to be trusted to itself in its most insignificant member. See it *well out*—with the voice—and the part of the audience is made surprisingly easier. In that excellent description of the Spanish mendicant and his guitar, as well as in the very happy touches about the dance and the castanets, the people were really desirous to express very hearty appreciation; but by giving them rather too much to do in watching and listening for latter words, you stopped them. I take the liberty of making the remark, as one who has

fought with beasts (oratorically) in divers arenas. For the rest, nothing could be better. Knowledge, ingenuity, neatness, condensation, good sense, and good taste in delightful combination.

"Affectionately always,

"C. D."

"Gad's Hill Place,
"Higham by Rochester, Kent.
"Friday, December 18th, 1863.

"MY DEAR CHORLEY,

"This is a 'Social Science' note touching prospective engagements.

"*If* you are obliged, as you were last year, to go away between Christmas Day and New Year's Day, then we rely upon your coming back to see the old year out. Furthermore, I rely upon you for this: Lady Molesworth says she will come down for a day or two, and I have told her that I shall ask you to be her escort, and to arrange a time. Will you take counsel with her, and arrange accordingly? After our family visitors are gone, Mary is

going a-hunting in Hampshire; but if you and Lady Molesworth could make out from Saturday, the 9th of January, as your day of coming together, or for any day between that and Saturday, the 16th, it would be beforehand with her going, and would suit me excellently. There is a new officer at the dockyard, *vice* Mrs. —— (now an admiral), and I will take that opportunity of paying him and his wife the attention of asking them to dine in these gorgeous halls. For all of which reasons, if the Social Science Congress of two could meet and arrive at a conclusion, the conclusion would be thankfully booked by the illustrious writer of these lines.

"On Christmas Eve, there is a train from your own Victoria Station at 4·35 P.M., which will bring you to Strood (Rochester Bridge Station) in an hour, and there a majestic form will be descried in a basket.

"Yours affectionately,

"C. D."

"Gad's Hill Place,
"Higham by Rochester, Kent.
"Sunday, June 2nd, 1867.

"MY DEAR CHORLEY,

"Thank God I have come triumphantly through the heavy work of the fifty-one readings, and am wonderfully fresh. I grieve to hear of your sad occupation.* You know where to find rest, and quiet, and sympathy, when you can change the dreary scene. I saw poor dear Stanfield (on a hint from his eldest son) in a day's interval between two expeditions. It was clear that the shadow of the end had fallen on him. It happened well that I had seen, on a wild day at Tynemouth, a remarkable sea-effect, of which I wrote a description to him, and he had kept it under his pillow. This place is looking very pretty. The freshness and repose of it, after all those thousands of gas-lighted faces, sink into the soul."

[The remainder has been cut off for the signature.]

* The allusion, in this and the following letter, is to Chorley's attendance at his brother's death-bed.

"Gad's Hill Place,
"Higham by Rochester, Kent.
"Wednesday, 3rd July, 1867.

"MY DEAR CHORLEY,

"I am truly sorry to receive your letter (it reaches me to-day), and yet cannot but feel relieved that your main anxiety and distress are terminated. At this time, as at all others, believe me that you have no truer friend or one more interested in all that interests you than I am.

"Affectionately yours ever,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

At Gad's Hill, Chorley was always a welcome guest, and his days of retreat and refreshment there were amongst the happiest he ever spent. A fresh and pleasant picture of them is afforded in the subjoined reply which Miss Dickens has kindly made to my inquiries respecting his relations with her father.

"81, Gloucester Terrace.
"Aug. 20, 1872.

"MY DEAR MR. HEWLETT,

. . . . . "I can't exactly tell you *when* my father first knew Mr. Chorley, but a great

many years before he became intimate with him. About the year 1854, my father was much interested about getting a pension for two literary persons, friends both of his and of Mr. Chorley. He then wrote to Mr. Chorley on the subject, and he—always ready to do anything good and kind—exerted himself a great deal in the matter. This business brought them a good deal together, and from that time till my dear father's death, they were fast friends. Mr. Chorley used to come constantly to Gad's Hill, used often to invite himself, and was always most welcome. People who were in the habit of seeing him only in London would hardly have known him at Gad's Hill, I think. He was a brighter and younger being altogether there. He would be down punctually to breakfast by nine o'clock, very often earlier; would occupy himself writing, or reading, &c., all the morning, and, after luncheon, set off for a long walk with my father. I remember one day our going for a picnic a long way off; some of our party driving, some walking.

When we started to return, we all took it for granted that Mr. Chorley would drive. But my father walking, *he* walked too. It was a hot summer's day, and they did eighteen miles—walking, as my father always did, at a good pace; and Mr. Chorley came down to dinner as bright and as fresh as possible. This sort of thing for most men is, of course, no matter for surprise; but to those who knew Mr. Chorley, and his apparently weak *physique*, it was quite wonderful to see how much he could do. He was always ready for any game, charade, or impromptu amusement of any sort, and was capital at it. One Christmas my father proposed, quite suddenly, that we should have some charades. They were to be in dumb pantomime, and Mr. Chorley was to play the piano. He immediately began to practise music suitable for the different scenes. And when the evening arrived, he came down dressed up in the queerest way, and sat down to the piano, in a meek and unobtrusive manner, being a poor old musician, and very shy, and very shabby,

and very hungry, and wretched-looking altogether. He played this part admirably the whole evening, and his get-up was excellent. A great many of the audience didn't know him at first. He had made a secret about this dressing-up, and had done it all by himself; and I met him on the stairs and didn't know him! He was most innocently proud of the success of his self-invented part.

"I think he was a truly kind and charitable man, doing all sorts of good and generous deeds in a quiet, unostentatious way. I do not suppose anybody really in need ever applied to him in vain. And I know he has given a helping hand to several young musicians, who, without the aid of this kind hand, could not have risen to be what they now are. He was very grateful for any love and attention shown to him, and never forgot a kindness done to him. I believe he loved my father better than any man in the world; was grateful to him for his friendship, and truly proud of possessing it, which he certainly did to a very large amount. My father was very fond of him,

and had the greatest respect for his honest, straightforward, upright, and generous character. I think, and am very glad to think, that the happiest days of Mr. Chorley's life—his later life, that is to say—were passed at Gad's Hill.

"After my father's death, and before we left the dear old home, Mr. Chorley wrote and asked me if I would send him a branch off each of our large cedar-trees, as a remembrance of the place. My friend, and *his* dear friend, Mrs. Lehmann, saw him lying calm and peaceful in his coffin, with a large green branch on each side of him. She did not understand what this meant, but I did, and was much touched, as, of course, he had given orders that these branches should be laid with him in his coffin. So a piece of the place he loved so much, for its dear master's sake, went down to the grave with him. For myself, I have lost as kind, as generous, and as true a friend as it is possible to have had.

"I remain, dear Mr. Hewlett,

"Yours sincerely,

"MAMIE DICKENS.

"I find, on consulting with my aunt, that I have made a mistake about the pension. It was Mr. Chorley who wrote first to my father about it."

Of Chorley's older friends a few still remained to him. Among the most valued was Mr. Procter, happily still surviving to us, the last of the "old poets." A little note received from him in 1866 has in it so much of the poet's delicate grace, that I venture to add it to those which already enrich these volumes:

"Essington's Hotel, Malvern Wells,
"7th August, 1866.

"MANY thanks, my dear Chorley (and they *are* many), for your kind letter. It has gratified me very much. I am so much out of the world now—so far in that dark desert which goes by the name of old age—that a little kindness seems to bring me face to face again with the laughing, moving world. I come out of the wood, and shake hands with pleasant people that I used to know, once more. I think myself young again (i.e. about

sixty or seventy) when, in infirmity of speech and motion, I am almost a century. My soldiers, however are not 100 men, but 100 years, which I tread upon and try to forget. We are here gathering quiet and health (and, it seems, a few compliments) on the side of the Malvern Hills. Edith, I rejoice to say, is much better. Our principal acquaintances are the wonderful strong-winged swallows, which shoot through the air like thought—who never rest, but go gliding through life without noise, and eventually (about Michaelmas) go upwards to near the moon, and are lost. I never was so thoroughly possessed by the power, and swiftness, and beauty of this dream in feathers before. If I were young again, I would risque some verses upon it. What a fine movement in music it might inspire! My writing (the mechanical part of it) is done with so much difficulty, that I refrain from saying more than that I am at all times

"Your very sincere

"B. W. PROCTER."

Among new and distinguished acquaintance made by Chorley in these years was Nathaniel Hawthorne. An imperfect sketch of the manner in which they met, of the impression left by the man, and the mingled admiration and regret inspired by the author, was intended to form part of a chapter of autobiography, devoted to the subject of American characteristics, not otherwise of sufficient importance to deserve insertion.

'*March*, 1870.—At the instant of closing 'this chapter of recollections I read of the 'death of the widow of the greatest and 'choicest author of fiction whom America 'has till now produced, Nathaniel Hawthorne. 'This sets me free to write concerning that 'singular original man what I know and 'have seen of him in England.

'From the first appearance, in an American 'magazine, of those delicious and individual 'stories, subsequently collected and given 'forth as "Twice Told Tales," it was evident 'that something as exquisite as it was finished 'was added to the world's stores of fiction. I

'am bold to say that there could not be two
'opinions among open-minded persons, be the
'English ever so "slow to move" (as the
'author of "De Vere" has it). They were
'quicker, however, in Hawthorne's case than
'they were in America. But it is one of my
'greatest pleasures, as a journalist, to recollect
'that I was the first who had the honour of
'calling attention to these tales when they
'appeared in the form of periodical articles.
'What Hawthorne's reputation has since
'grown into—a universal fame—I need not
'recount. From the first, I followed its
'growth at a distance, step by step, with the
'pleasure which one has of seeing dawn
'brightening into day, and day ripening into
'noon, without the slightest idea that I should
'ever see or ever be known to him. That
'I wished to form some idea of the man,
'as distinct from the author, is no less true.
'The sole idea I could "realise" (as the
'Americans say) was one of his invincible
'shyness. No one had seen him, or met him,
'or known him; so ran the legend. It was a

'clear case of mystery, in its way, I have 'since come to think, as fondly promoted 'and cherished by the romancer as that of the '"Great Unknown."

'There is small need to recall how, sub-'sequently, appeared a second miscellany, '"Mosses from an old Manse" (among other 'legends, containing that ghastliest of stories, '"Rapaccini's Daughter"), then "The Scarlet 'Letter," and the yet more original "House of 'Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," 'and, lastly, "Transformation." Such works 'of art as these, like all real creations, *must* 'make their way. It was then with no 'common interest I heard that his own 'country, by way of paying due honour to 'Hawthorne, was doing its utmost for him 'by appointing him to the consulate at Liver-'pool. At the same time it was told me that, 'on accepting the appointment, he inquired 'whether the American consul would, *ex* '*officio*, be obliged to talk much, and on being 'told *not*, in reply, laconically said, "Thank 'God!"

'When I heard that Hawthorne was to live
'at Liverpool as American consul, it seemed
'clear that, with some knowledge of the best,
'most liberal, and most delicately-minded of
'those who then, as now, dispensed public
'hospitality and private kindliness in the
'town, I might justifiably write to him, and
'refer him to them, in case he should stand in
'need of society and private sympathy, totally
'apart from anything like the tinselled folly of
'*lionism*. I did so, and received no answer to
'my letter. Hawthorne established himself,
'as his Memoirs have told us, at Rock Ferry,
'in Cheshire, enjoyed as much as he cared to
'enjoy, and afterwards retired into that sulky,
'suspicious mood (of a consul taking pay?)
'which befits a misunderstood hero. To my-
'self, and those to whom I sent him, he re-
'sponded by neither "look, word, nor sign."

'After some natural disappointment, I
'naturally came to forget the man, and to
'think only of his admirable books. It was,
'then, with surprise that, some years later, I
'received a note from a boarding-house in

'Golden Square, in which Hawthorne an-
'nounced his arrival in London, and his *great*
'desire to see me before he returned home
'("as one," *etc.*, *etc.*, *etcetera*). I answered this
'in person, and found, what I might have been
'sure of, a most genial and original man, full
'of life, full of humour, in no respect shy.
'He agreed at once to pass a day with me.
'I gave him the option of a party or no
'party. He chose the latter alternative. A
'pleasanter day than the one in question is
'not in my "Golden Book." I think I have
'never heard any one, save my honoured
'friend Carlyle, laugh so heartily as did
'Hawthorne. It is generally a nervous busi-
'ness to receive those to whom one has long
'looked up; but it was not the least so in his
'case. The impression I received was one of
'a man genial, and not over sensitive, even
'when we could make merry on the subject of
'national differences and susceptibilities.

'This experience, it may well be believed,
'has made me read with an amazement
'almost approaching distress the book Haw-

'thorne published on his return home, and, 'later, the selections from his manuscript 'journals, put forward by his widow. It 'is hard to conceive the existence of so 'much pettiness in a man so great and real; 'of such a resolution to brood over fancied 'slights and strange formalities, yet, withal, 'to generalise so widely on such narrow pre-'mises; of such vulgarity in one who had 'written for the public so exquisitely. It is 'difficult to accept such a writer's criticisms 'on "the steaks and sirloins" of English 'ladies. I still remember Hester Prynne 'and Pearl, in the "Scarlet Letter," and 'Phœbe and Hepzibah, in the "House of 'the Seven Gables," and ask myself how 'far the case in point proves the adage 'that there is nothing so essentially nasty 'as refinement. The tone of these English 'journals is as small and peevish as if their 'writer had been thwarted and overlooked, in-'stead of waited on by hearty offers of service, 'which in most cases were declined almost as 'persistently as if they had been so many

'affronts. A more puzzling case of inconsist-
'ency and duality has never come before me.'

Nearly all the leading names connected with art and literature in this country, besides a considerable number of those prominent in society, were now on the list of Chorley's acquaintance; but the few only with whom he was most intimate need here be enumerated: Mr. Frederick Leighton,* Sir Arthur Helps, Mr. (now Lord) Lytton, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Sir John Coleridge, Mr. Eastwick, Dr. Seemann, Lady Downshire, Mrs. Milner Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Von Glehn, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lehmann. His associates in the musical world have already been named: in theatrical circles, the late Charles Kean,† Madame Ristori, Mr. A. Wigan, Mr.

* Mr. Leighton's future was foreseen by Chorley from the first. Writing of him to a friend in January, 1856, he speaks of him as "the most promising and accomplished young man of genius whom I have seen for very many years."

† A letter from Charles Kean, acknowledging a tribute of Chorley's critical approval, evinces so high an appreciation of his judgment that it must not be omitted:

"My dear Sir,

"Amongst the many letters of congratulation I have

Fechter, Mr. Sothern, and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, may be particularly mentioned.

It was fortunate that his capacity of making new friends remained unexhausted, for the number of his old associates was fast waning. Two died a few months after each other in 1855: Miss Mitford and Sir William Moles-

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received on Louis XI., none has afforded me such unmingled pleasure as yours, and the more so, that it was quite unexpected, and has taken me by surprise. I had fancied (erroneously or not) that a certain prejudice against me had laid hold of your mind, resulting more from the opinions of *others* than your own unbiassed judgment.

"I have suffered much during my professional career from more than one hostile *clique*, whose pertinacious efforts have won converts to their views, who were of themselves disposed to be friendly; and I know how readily, and, perhaps, *insensibly*, impressions are taken up under the influence of a prevailing atmosphere. The tone of your letter assures me of your perfect sincerity, and gives a double value to your encomiums. I rejoice that I have gained the good opinion of a sound critic, and, be assured, I fully appreciate the warmth and manly straightforwardness with which you have communicated it to me. The manner is, if possible, even more satisfactory than the matter.

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Yours very truly and obliged,

"CHARLES KEAN."

"24th Jan. 1855."

worth. The void made by the latter loss was the widest; his eminent character inspiring an admiration which made his regard as honourable as it was delightful, and opportunities of companionship with him having of late years increased in frequency. Chorley's new house was close to that of Sir William, in Eaton Place, and Pencarrow was always open to him when the season was over. Dating thence, on the 5th September, 1855, he writes to Liverpool: "Here we have no party as yet, and I like it all the better. Next week the house will be full, and there is to be a Militia ball, for which I have volunteered the music; but the perfect liberty of the place and the feeling that one can enjoy it without taking up the room of any more useful guest, are delicious." A few weeks later, he writes again, and chronicles the mournful change:

"13, Eaton Place West,
"30th October, 1855.

"MY DEAR B.,

"I thank you with all my heart for your affectionate letter, though I should have

counted on the feelings it conveys, had you not written it.

"This blow IS a serious one; since that house (close to mine) was open to me as a place of warm welcome and sunshine whenever I chose to run in, out of the cold and darkness of my own life. Sir W., I know, had a high esteem for me, since no important change in his career ever took place without his sending for me to tell me of it *himself*; and the last time he ever walked in his own beautiful woods he walked with me, and spoke of his private affairs and of mine, in language which I shall always retain among my most precious remembrances. There was not much companionship of pursuit; but I feel I have lost a friend both able and anxious to help me. In face, however, of a loss so limitless as poor Lady M.'s, I have nothing to say. . . . But it will not do, dear B., to encourage the fatality-idea—though, as you may suppose, it has beset me not seldom. Every man must have his own discipline; and the intention of these strokes, however it may deprive

a very difficult and laborious life of relief and support, is possibly only a clear intimation that they are needed. I think I have never felt more utterly turned out of doors than I do now. . . . Your aunt, Mrs. R., has been (as usual in time of need) affectionate kindness itself." . . .

A heavier if a less acute trial than bereavement was prolonged for eleven years, in witnessing the sufferings of his sister, referred to in a previous chapter. This, while it was a constant source of anxiety to him, developed one of his worthiest traits. So long as her condition permitted her to drive in the open air, he made it part of his daily duty, however much occupied, to accompany her on these occasions, relieving the guard of his brother John, at other times her devoted sick nurse. No memorial of Miss Chorley that would be generally interesting can here be added, beyond the impression which she has left of indomitable fortitude. An old friend, who has been present during the paroxysms of her cruel malady, remembers

how stoically she would decline the smallest proffer of service. Even the handkerchief that bathed her streaming brow she insisted on lifting with her own trembling fingers.* She was released by death in 1863.

Of his brother John, the last near relative for whom he retained affection, Chorley has left a detailed reminiscence. It was his cherished hope, that by means of the following sketch, which was intended to form a prominent chapter of his own memoirs, a tardy tribute of justice might be rendered to the yet unrecognised merits of a remarkable man. The sketch is evidently incomplete, and would, no doubt, have been supplemented by additions, of which only a few are now forthcoming. It is subjoined as it stands, with none but merely verbal alterations.

* The late Mrs. Gaskell was much attached to her, and would often cheer her sick-bed by a letter. Replying, in 1854, to a grateful acknowledgment by Chorley of this kindness, Mrs. Gaskell wrote: "Don't speak of gratitude. I *love* Miss Chorley, and am only too glad to do anything that may give her a moment's pleasure, only I am afraid my letters must be dull."

'And here I must turn for a while from
'the tale of my own small troubles and smaller
'successes, to fulfil what is with me impera-
'tive as a duty.

'To attempt some memorial of a deceased
'relative is, under the best of circumstances,
'a labour of melancholy love. The sadness of
'the task, however, is deepened when the
'youngest—almost the last of his name—has
'to speak of the shadowed life of a noble-
'hearted and highly-gifted brother, who
'passed away known to only a very few,
'and appreciated according to his deserts by
'still fewer persons; nevertheless, one of the
'men of mark of his time. This duty I have
'to perform in regard to John Rutter Chorley.
'It is one of no common difficulty. If any-
'thing is to be put on record concerning the
'dead, it should be the whole truth, without
'exaggerated praise or plea of mitigation.
'There is no single survivor who can protest
'against such a course in the present case;
'but the very solitariness of position on the
'part of the memorialist which this implies

'adds largely to his responsibilities. I have
'not written what will follow this, without
'questioning myself most strictly.

'It is hardly possible for two children of the
'same parents, who lived to the verge of man-
'hood together, and had been interested from
'childhood upwards in all that belongs to the
'world of imagination, to differ more widely
'in disposition, in many matters of opinion,
'practice, and the ordering of life, than
'did my brother and myself. But though
'there was little companionship between
'us, there was entire and unbroken confi-
'dence till the last. I felt that in any
'juncture of perplexity, or where essential
'and accurate service was required, I had a
'wall of strength to shelter under and to lean
'against, which nothing could shake; so deep
'were its foundations, so sound was its
'structure. I hope that few will be called on
'to experience the desolation of spirit which
'came over me as I stood by the side of his
'grave, and knew that this was taken away
'from me for ever.

'I may say, in a word, that he was more
'gifted than genial—gifted in right of a
'probity, which no provocation could under-
'mine and no temptation shake; in right
'of a versatility, combined with accuracy of
'knowledge, which I have never known sur-
'passed in any human being; a versatility
'which embraced every manly exercise of
'body, as well as every mental accomplish-
'ment and acquirement; but he was endowed
'with that almost morbid quickness of insight
'into character and motives, accompanied by
'a strangely intense physical sensitiveness,
'which is too apt to engender severity and
'impatience of judgment. It might have
'been thought by some who came to know
'him in the maturity of his life, that he had
'been coerced and warped by those influences
'which bear so fatally on those who are set
'forth as prodigies; but such was not the
'case. What he was, my brother made him-
'self, with a direct purpose and a clear view
'of his own, in spite of great and grave dis-
'advantages. And when I think of all that

'he achieved and wrought out, with a finish
'and a self-consistency rare in these days of
'show and surface, I am justified in saying
'that, under happier circumstances, he might
'have been one of the leading men of
'his time, in whatever world of action,
'intellectual and administrative, he had
'entered.

'His imagination was as quick and versa-
'tile as his power to retain accurate know-
'ledge was great. I have told how, in our
'childish days, spent in great seclusion, we
'were necessarily thrown on our own re-
'sources for variety and entertainment. He
'had the precocious fancy of a born poet.
'As has been the case with other gifted
'children, he could amuse himself by invent-
'ing creatures as little mortal as the Glums
'and the Gowries, finding them with adven-
'tures that went on from month to month, fit-
'ting them up with vocabularies of their own,
'writing their history in neatly-kept books,
'and gracing the same with pictures. He

'had the painter's hand and the painter's
'capacity, and drew with force and exact-
'ness, with more sense of form than of colour.
'As years went on, this accomplishment was
'turned to a peculiar account—that of calli-
'graphy. He was born, too, with strong musical
'tastes, and would not rest till he had gained
'some proficiency on one or two instruments,
'with the solitary practice of one of which—
'the violoncello—he soothed his harassed
'nerves and wearied spirits in the latter part
'of his life. Boyhood was scarcely over
'when he began to write serious and senti-
'mental verses, with a finish and an absence
'of imitation rare even among those who
'have lived to win repute as great and ori-
'ginal poets. The larger portion of these
'(many of which merited a better fate) were
'disdained and ruthlessly destroyed by him
'a few years before his death. I had some
'share in rescuing a few, which are laid away
'in print, among forgotten books, possibly
'not always to be forgotten; and when I see
'what verse can be accepted, and make a

'diseased reputation for its authors, in these 'our days, I turn to a tiny volume,* passed 'over on its appearance, save by a very few 'readers, and am assured to myself, that I 'am doing neither dead nor living poets 'wrong, by asserting that there is within it 'an amount of fantasy in form, of truth to 'scenery, and of finish in execution which 'are not common at the time lately past or 'present.

'On going over the heaps of my brother's 'papers, arranged and laid away with a scru-'pulous exactitude and neatness, I came on a 'singular confession, one of those which mark 'a character in a manner not to be misunder-'stood—a series of reverie-poems, written by 'himself on his birthdays as they came round. 'The healthiness of such a course of perpetual 'retrospect and introspection may well be 'doubted. If the poetry of intimate affection, 'even should it take such a vividly passion-'ate form as Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from

* "The Wife's Litany," and other poems. Chapman and Hall. 1865.

'the Portuguese," is to be mistrusted, the reso-
'lute soliloquies of a mind preying on itself,
'and turning from the outer world of sun-
'shine, and motion, and change, to the solitary
'cloister, paved with the graves of hopes un-
'fulfilled and of joys disappointed, are yet
'more painful and bootless. I will not dese-
'crate these verses (though some of them
'are of extreme beauty) by publishing them;
'but the fact of their production and the spirit
'they breathe are not to be overlooked in
'completion of the portrait of a man little
'understood, because thoroughly original, and,
'with little exception, self-consistent.

'My brother was singularly handsome, with
'such a sweet, refined, expressive counte-
'nance and a perfect figure as are rarely
'met with in combination. I have said that
'he was adroit at every manly exercise.
'When he was barely eleven years old, I
'remember his doing a day's mowing of
'twelve hours by the side of grown labourers.
'He used to evade pursuit or summons of jus-

'tice by climbing trees to a dangerous height, 'and making his own conditions before he 'consented to descend. On our removal to a 'seaport town, he became a skilled waterman, 'and took that intimate delight in ships and 'shipping which never failed him till the last. 'He could ride and dance well, and was 'capable of enduring great fatigue without 'apparent effort.

'When my mother removed to Liverpool, 'in the year 1819, he was placed at the school 'of the Royal Institution, which had been 'only recently opened. The classical educa-'tion there, under the head-mastership of the 'Rev. John Boughey Monk, was excellent. In 'those days, the teaching of modern lan-'guages (which might have been thought 'indispensable in a town where the scholars 'were principally the sons of merchants, 'destined for commerce,) was strangely neg-'lected. Mr. Monk, a ripe scholar and an 'amiable man, as every one of his pupils 'has cause gratefully to remember, was soon 'attracted by the singular facility with which

'my brother acquired and retained know-
'ledge, but almost as much perplexed by its
'excess. Of course, there was no teaching
'him alone, and though he was one of the
'youngest boys in the school, he rose at once
'to the head of the first class, making light
'of every task and lesson, and mastering the
'Greek and Latin classics with a rapidity and
'fluency which distanced his schoolmates.
'The abundance of spare time was spent in
'every sort of mischief, to the delight and
'temptation of his class-fellows. They had,
'however, generally one advantage over
'him, which they were not slow to make him
'feel. Most of them were the sons of rich
'parents, well-dressed and liberally provided
'with pocket-money. He was as bare in both
'respects as was ever poor scholar; and (a
'further disadvantage in a town where
'"Church and State" was so long the reign-
'ing motto) was known to belong to a family
'whose peculiar form of dissent laid them
'open to the sharpest ridicule and contempt.
'With all these things against him, his ex-

'treme energy of nature and the conscious-
'ness of possessing no ordinary powers bore
'him up, not unhappily, through those trying
'school-days. I recollect, on one occasion,
'that in punishment of some freak of more
'flagrant insubordination than usual, he was
'enjoined to get by heart as much of the
'"Æneid" as he could, to repeat next morn-
'ing before the business of the day com-
'menced. He was called up duly, and with-
'out stop or faultering, went through the en-
'tire first book, to the great inconvenience, as-
'tonishment, and pride of his preceptor. He
'was beginning the second, with equal cer-
'tainty and coolness, when he was bidden to
'cease. The master gave in. There was no
'bringing such a mercurial being to his senses
'by an "imposition." Corporal punishment
'was not then allowed in the school of the
'Royal Institution. It was, probably, a relief
'when he left it, qualified, though so young,
'as far as the dead languages were concerned,
'for either University.

'In what manner he gathered his know-

'ledge of French, German, Spanish, and
'Italian I cannot form an idea. With the
'exception of a few lessons in the first lan-
'guage from a poor nonentity of a native,
'fit only for the very moderate requirements
'of ladies provincial boarding-schools, I be-
'lieve he had no instruction whatsoever. But
'he grasped every opportunity of self-im-
'provement with the eagerness which marked
'his character. He picked up German
'rapidly and with facility from the young
'men of his own age who were sent to
'merchants' houses in Liverpool, and, for
'awhile, addicted himself with passionate
'admiration to the great authors of the
'country—passionate, because it implied a
'certain comparative disparagement of all
'French literature. Yet he was one of the
'first and best translators of Béranger's
'lyrics. I think, too, that, as many holding
'like preferences have also done, he exag-
'gerated certain points of national character
'somewhat unfairly. Those who are them-
'selves the most sincere are sometimes, in

'cases elect, the least alive to insincerity and
'profession in others. In brief, as I had
'occasion to remark when we travelled in
'Germany together, he accepted and made
'allowances for peculiarities which would
'naturally have been repulsive to him. As
'life went on, he became even more strongly
'interested in Spanish literature, possibly
'because it has been less hackneyed of these
'later times. In particular, the rich and
'varied drama of the country engaged him,
'as the library of the British Museum testifies,
'in a rather remarkable fashion. I believe
'that the collection of plays by Lope de
'Vega, bequeathed by him, with his other
'Spanish books, to that great establishment,
'is almost, if not altogether, the most copious
'and accurate one in being. It is a monu-
'ment of his ingenuity and industry in more
'ways than one. Complete copies of many
'of the plays are very scarce; but he laid
'hands on incomplete ones wherever they
'could be found; and there are cases where
'four or five half-destroyed books were laid

'under contribution, and so artfully connected
'as to supply the *desideratum*. What was
'more, when a title page was wanting, his
'exquisite power and patience as a calli-
'grapher enabled him to supply one, such as
'might deceive any save the cleverest of
'experts. He had paper bought up and
'manufactured for this express purpose.
'When I came to look into his library before
'its dispersion, I found pamphlet-cases full of
'stray leaves carefully husbanded, and leaf
'after leaf traced, with as much minute care
'as if his life had had no other object or pur-
'pose, and preserved as stores of reference.
'That his very remarkable attainments in
'respect to these subjects gradually became
'known, was attested by the fact, that the
'Academy of Letters at Madrid requested
'permission to print, at its own expense, his
'catalogue of the plays of Lope de Vega,
'written (with codices) in Spanish, as the
'most complete one extant. This was done.
'The original beautiful manuscript is to be
'found in the Library of the British Museum.

'To make the feat more noticeable, it should 'be added, that the writer during his life 'passed only three months in Spain, being 'summoned there by business far more pro-'saic than the haunting of libraries or the 'rummaging of old bookshops.

'To those who only knew the outer man in 'his maturity, the above description may seem 'over-coloured. But such was my brother 'as a boy, as a young man, and a man of 'letters. I have not overstated one single 'gift or grace. Others, more important to 'the well-being of a man, to himself and all 'around him, have to be added.

'His life was complete in another respect: 'from its earliest to its last hours, he was one 'of the most just, high-hearted, and generous 'of human beings. Meanness or falsehood 'were impossible to him, though he was 'tried under circumstances sufficient to have 'warped any one less honourable by justice 'and principle. He was, perhaps, too in-'dignant and severe on those who fell short 'of his own high standard. He could sacri-

'fice himself, but found it hard to forgive
'others less equal to sacrifice. His exqui-
'sitely fastidious taste and keen insight into
'character made him, in general intercourse,
'especially of later years, too uncompromis-
'ing and unwilling to concede in small things.
'But that the truth of heart was there, none
'of those to whom he professed affection, and
'to whom he devoted himself as few have
'done, could doubt.

'Such being the boy, with his aspirations
'and his precocious attainments, he was
'nevertheless thrust into a Liverpool mer-
'chant's office, with a view to livelihood and
'advancement in fortune. His guardian was
'a timid man (save in his own profession as a
'physician), and had no time to consider the
'dispositions and propensities of those thrust
'by ill-fortune on his generous and unselfish
'care. How my brother mastered all the
'drudgery of office-work, and found time for
'mischief to boot, is not to be forgotten.
'When anything had to be done to the mo-

'ment, he was called out and preferred to
'elder men of routine. His keen and up-
'right intelligence could not (as was seen in
'the sequel of his life) be misunderstood by
'even the exacting men of business whose
'servant he was.

'And the exactions of those Liverpool
'mercantile times, before telegraphs were,
'or the immediate reproduction of a written
'letter was possible, were terrible—a slavery
'ill-compensated for by any indulgence or
'hope of advancement. The writing of
'"circulars," otherwise, the recopying of
'letters addressed at the last moment to the
'American cotton-ports, by the going packet,
'was not a light task. I have known it last
'as long as till two o'clock in the morning.
'The men who ordained such servitude for
'their gain's sake were the very same men
'who had protested against and broken down
'American slavery! A clerk in a Liverpool
'merchant's office, when we were young,
'was expected to be a mere machine—neither
'a gentleman by birth nor a man of educa-

'tion, still less a man of individual propen-
'sities. It was a terrible subjection; though,
'as I can now see, looking back to the whole
'story and its system, one taken for granted
'by all concerned in the matter, and for which
'the authorities were only to blame, in right
'of their self-approval.

'Into such a life as this we were tumbled.
'When my turn came, I was incurably un-
'punctual, lazy, and inexact; loathing my
'life with a disgust and bitterness not to be
'expressed or concealed. When I have a
'bad dream, now that I am old, the night-
'mare, as often as not, takes some form refer-
'able to an abhorred servitude. I see ledgers
'which will not be balanced, figures wrongly
'set down, and wake in the midst of such
'shame and self-disrespect as made up my
'normal state in those days. Had I not got
'up on summer mornings to draw, or rather
'paint, a little, ere the clock struck the
'abominable hour, I should not have been
'living to tell the tale of my failures in
'Cropper, Benson, and Co.'s office, in Para-

'dise Street, Liverpool. But with my bro-
'ther it was different. He was no more
'fitted for taking down the particulars of
'ships' cargoes, or transcribing the details
'of the day's cotton-market ten times over
'than I was; but he could not bear to
'do anything short of his best. In those
'days, he was neat, shrewd, and ready
'beyond many a man twice or thrice as
'old as himself; and as such, in spite of
'conceits and faults of manner, and tastes
'which set him apart from his associates (a
'strange set of worthy beings), made himself
'respected, as one whose work was of first-
'rate quality.

'He wanted one thing—that determina-
'tion to break away from an uncongenial
'life which every man, aware of certain tastes
'and aspirations, and willing to take on him-
'self the consequence of his non-conformity,
'will do well to act on and abide by. So he
'wrought out his term of servitude, to enter,
'at its close, on another more characteristic
'of the high respect his sterling qualities had

'inspired, of responsibilities enormous for
'so young a man, under which the joy of his
'early manhood was utterly crushed out,
'which prematurely aged him, which, in
'some sort, separated him from those with
'whom he was entitled to consort, till it was
'too late for a reserved and fastidious man to
'change his habits, and which, I have no
'doubt, in no small degree tended to wear
'him to his grave.

'Those were the early days of English rail-
'roads. At the time of which I speak one
'only, to be traversed by steam, had been
'made—the short line between Liverpool and
'Manchester, so disastrously inaugurated by
'Huskisson's death. The second * to be was
'that from Liverpool to Birmingham — a
'scheme pronounced to be a dream by glib
'critics of the time, such as Dr. Lardner,
'who declared an Atlantic steamer to be a

* The "Grand Junction" Railway, as this line was called, was, I believe, the third proposed, that between London and Birmingham being the second, but the former was completed first.—H. G. H.

'castle of the air, on the sea. The north-
'country men held a stronger faith in the
'new discovery; and it was to be tried on a
'more extended scale than betwixt Liverpool
'and Manchester. The money was forth-
'coming; the company was formed; and
'when the working features, so to say, of the
'scheme were got together, they amounted to
'the promise of Stephenson's collaboration
'and a writing apparatus in a secretary's
'office. That secretary was my brother, still
'a very young and untried man; but the
'solicitor to the concern was a man of rare
'refinement and observation. Chance had
'thrown our family under his notice, and he
'had the wise courage to pick out my brother
'as the most competent man he could propose,
'to adventure on duties and functions one
'half of which, at the time referred to, had to
'be created.

'The ill-will and opposition which this
'appointment caused are no more to be for-
'gotten than things of yesterday. My brother
'had to enter on his duties without sympathy

'from any man concerned, save the one who
'had had the power to insure his nomination.
'He had to fight them through in the face of
'covert and confessed antipathy, and with
'means and materials the insufficiency of
'which will be hardly credited now, though
'it is a matter of history. The whole staff of
'underlings—guards, porters, ticket-officers—
'had to be created for such service. There
'were difficulties and hindrances in the com-
'pletion of the road such as had not occurred
'to many persons. As an instance, I may
'mention the fall of a tunnel at Preston
'Brook, more than twenty miles from Liver-
'pool, which intercepted the communication
'betwixt Liverpool and Birmingham, making
'it necessary for the passengers to dismount,
'and pass on foot from the one to the
'other point at which the railway again be-
'came feasible. I forget how enormous was
'the squadron of umbrellas provided to make
'the evil as small as possible in wet weather;
'but I remember that my brother, harassed
'and hampered as he was in his office, went

'down to the scene of disaster, on a special 'engine, twice out and home every day, so 'that when the trains passed (there were 'then only two) some one should be at hand 'to answer inquiries and to overlook the ex-'ceptional service.

'If he did not spare himself, he did not 'spare others. Feeling his own responsi-'bility, he was rightly alive to that of the 'subordinate persons who had to work out 'the undertaking. He would take no excuse 'for any man's absence from duty. I believe 'that of the staff whom he had to organise 'and to control about a quarter was left at 'the end of the first three months. This may 'sound harsh, but it was right; and that it 'won the esteem (I will say more, the affec-'tion) of those with whom, and above whom, 'he worked, there can be no doubt. The 'testimonies of appreciation and esteem, when 'he laid by his railway life, from all classes of 'persons with whom he had had to do, were 'many, real, some of them affecting in their 'simplicity. I have been more than once

'claimed, very recently, in out-of-the-way
'places, by total strangers, who had learned
'my name, and heard, perhaps, a family voice,
'and have offered to show me kindness and
'attention, in memory of him whose high
'honour and scrupulous sense of right and
'wrong had laid the key-stones of their for-
'tunes.

'In one respect I hold him to have been
'admirable as the servant of a company of
'capitalists. He would not use his know-
'ledge and prescience to advance his own
'fortunes. I have heard him again and again
'say that his business was to keep his mind
'clear and ready for the duties of the hour, as
'undertaken by him. He had besides the high
'feeling of a thorough gentleman, which pro-
'hibited his profiting by private intelligence.
'This may have been, and was, overstrained in
'point of scruple; but when the detestable
'and demoralising alternative comes to be
'considered which has made such wild work
'in England, surely the young man who
'stood on the threshold of temptation, with

'every means to avail himself of its fruits,
'and who still refrained from so doing, was
'one of no common quality, conscience, or
'force in standing to his convictions. But it
'was so with him from first to last.

'He was not met by liberal treatment on
'the part of those to whom he devoted him-
'self. He was respected and trusted; but he
'was not popular, partly from a certain re-
'serve and haughtiness of manner, in which
'a consciousness of his superiority to those
'who surrounded him expressed itself. It
'was too evident that he was doing faithful
'and indefatigable service against the grain.
'When, after some years, the extent of his
'duties became too great for one person to
'manage, and he asked for assistance, no
'officer second in command was appointed,
'but a colleague totally inexperienced in
'every detail connected with the concern, and
'who was, from the first, as largely salaried
'as himself. In place, however, of showing
'any irritation at what amounted to an in-
'justice, he applied himself zealously to give

'every possible weight and consequence to
'the gentleman placed beside him. The two
'became real friends.

'At last, after years of strain and stress,
'which bore cruelly on the strength of one so
'sensitive—of hard, responsible work, only
'alternated with diligent, eager study—family
'circumstances underwent some change; and,
'with those who were left to him, he removed
'to London. I had high hopes that the
'society which was open to him, with its
'intercourse and its influences, would melt
'and thaw that which had been made un-
'yielding and ungenial in his manners, not his
'nature. But the change came too late. He
'was averse to society, save on the very pe-
'culiar and exclusive terms which suited him.
'Though he could discourse on most topics,
'with a precision of knowledge and, generally,
'a justice of view rarely surpassed or equalled
'—though he had a keen sense of wit and
'humour, and a rich store of anecdote and
'allusion to fall back on—his conversation
'wanted flow and lightness, and in truth

'was apt to be oppressive. I could name 'those now living, of great genius and learn-'ing, who have been as largely as he was 'little, conversant with intellectual society, in whom the same involution and ponderosity might be remarked. Their deep thoughts 'rise too rapidly, and jostle one another too 'closely, to allow their full weight and worth 'to be felt. Save when he was alone among 'his books, with one of the very few friends he 'made, he harangued rather than conversed.

'The pleasure he had in books and in the 'intimate knowledge of books, brought one 'reward—his power, seconded by his will, to 'sympathise with and assist the men of letters 'whom he respected. To such earnest men 'of letters as Professor Ticknor, of Boston, 'Don Pascual de Gayangos, of Spain, our 'great historian of the French Revolution 'and of the Life of Cromwell, his time, his 'heart, his labour were always open and to 'be disposed of at their service. So should it 'be and have been.

'But well-a-day for the smaller fry of lite-

'rature, unless, perchance, they belonged to
'Spain or to Germany! Till within a very
'few years of his death, I was somewhat mis-
'judged by him, as one who had chosen my
'life for purposes of mere amusement. That
'my life had been turned aside from its na-
'tural current—that whereas he should have
'been a great and ruling power in the world
'of letters, I might have become a fair mu-
'sical composer (my ideas, for better for
'worse, having always first occurred to me in
'that form,) never, during a long portion of
'our two lives, seemed to occur to him. I
'never had word or sign from him to testify
'that anything I have published gave him
'pleasure. As time drew on, I think he came
'to see in my life that which is independent
'of accurate scholarship, or bright literary
'success, that to which every man who re-
'spects (as Milton says) "the best and
'honourablest things" may aspire. We met
'rarely, but we met—under every con-
'ceivable disparity of culture and of social
'habits—with mutual respect. His was nobly

'shown to me; mine is humbly returned to
'him, by telling the whole truth, over the
'grave of a man hardly tried, misunderstood,
'and undervalued in his lifetime.

'The peculiarities of his disposition might
'have been smoothed under a happier dis-
'pensation of circumstances. But his life
'was laid out to be a series of sacrifices, met
'by him with a sense of duty which was
'too severe, too unselfish. A more com-
'plete case of self-effacement has rarely
'come to my knowledge. He was compelled,
'by circumstances needless to recount, by
'his own accuracy and justice as a man of
'business, to undertake the administration of
'family affairs, some of which were of no
'common perplexity. He watched over the
'declining health of my mother till the last;
'and hardly had she departed, when it be-
'came evident that another charge of the
'kind, far more serious, was thrown on him
'—the ministry to a hopeless invalid, suffer-
'ing and decaying more and more during

'many years; one endowed with every gra-
'cious gift and capacity for enjoyment, who
'was doomed in the prime of life to expect
'and to endure the slow extinction of every
'hope that cheers, of every talent that alle-
'viates acute and wearing bodily pain. The
'patience with which this grievous trial was
'braved is not to be exaggerated; but the
'inevitable result was to increase my brother's
'seclusion among his own pursuits, and his
'disinclination to the freshening influences of
'outer life, which, be they ever so sparingly
'attainable, are not to be despised. Save in
'long and solitary walks, early in the morn-
'ing, for many years he rarely crossed the
'threshold; haunted by an almost morbid
'fear of mischance which might happen in
'his absence. He bore up nobly till the long
'dreary story closed; but the spring of life
'was worn out, and nothing remained to him
'but the company of his books, in the silence
'of a solitary house, entered with so much
'hope and prospect of years of rest and enjoy-
'ment.

'I cannot go further. What I have tried
'to do has been to trace a character, not to
'narrate a series of trials in detail. The end,
'when it came, was peaceful; full of faith,
'hope and humility. By the few who really
'knew my brother, he will not be forgotten;
'but his is not a figure to be left out of a
'story which I am attempting to tell faith-
'fully.'

The memorials that can be added to this narrative are few, but one of them is of no common interest. Mr. John Chorley was honoured, during many years of his life, with the intimate friendship of Mr. Carlyle. No higher testimony to the intellectual and moral attractions of the deceased, by which that intimacy was cemented, can be given than in the words of the survivor.

"I often urged him to write a book on Spanish literature—some good book, worthy of himself and of his wide and exact knowledge, but he would never consent to try. He could have written like few men on

many subjects, but he had proudly pitched his ideal very high. I know no man in these flimsy days, nor shall ever again know one, so well read, so widely and accurately informed, and so completely at home, not only in all fields of worthy literature and scholarship, but in matters practical, technical, naval, mechanical, &c., &c., as well."

This estimate of the scholar is extracted from a letter addressed to Henry Chorley after his brother's death. How deep an affection Mr. Carlyle entertained for the man may be learned from another letter, written in reply to one that announced his dangerous illness. The noble pathos which pervades it silences all comment but that of tears.

"Chelsea, 19th June, 1867.

"My dear Sir,

"Your note of yesterday is a most welcome favour to me; a very great and almost *sacred* bit of charity and solace done me in the dark and sad element where you yourself are now living and waiting! The

last time I saw your dear Brother—alas, I little thought it was the *last!*—I noticed no fatal symptom in him; nothing but very great misery and disquiet, which I lightly supposed the summer weather, and a shift to the shore of the sea, which was always such a favourite with him, would clear away; and I am never since free from an occasional doubt that I may have really pained him and done myself injustice by my light and hopeful way of treating all his misgivings and bad prognostics, which have proved so dismally true—alas, alas!

"From your brother William's letters to my brother John at Dumfries, I am kept in knowledge of the progress of things from day to day towards their inevitable goal; and I thank Heaven along with you, that pain and irritation are quite gone, and that *sleep* and quiet are now the attendants of that ardent soul to its final rest. Final and perfect, where all the weary do at length *rest!*

"If in any fit moment you could whisper to him, that I, who owe him so much, did

always honour and esteem him as few others; am touched to the heart with what is going on, know well what loss I am sustaining, and shall piously regret him all my remaining days, the fact will abundantly support you; and should the *opportunity* offer (*not* otherwise, I beg), it will be a drop of consolation to me.

"May God be with him! may God be with us all!

"Yours, with deep sympathy,

"T. CARLYLE."

To the praise which Chorley has bestowed on his brother's poetry, and the reference made to his intercourse with an eminent American scholar, the late Professor Ticknor, the latter's own testimony may be added. The following letter from him acknowledged the receipt of John Chorley's book:

"Boston, United States,
"3rd March, 1866.

"DEAR CHORLEY,

"Your kind letter came a month ago; your little volume came last week. I was

thankful for both, and especially thankful to hear from you and to have proof of your continued remembrance. The poems arrived just before a late dinner, but before I went to bed I had finished them, so attractive were they. I like the drama and the madrigal best, though, very probably, better judges will decide otherwise in England. There, however, you have settled it long ago. But about one point there can be no doubt anywhere. The finish of the work and its pure true English are charming. By an accident, I read the poetry before I read the preface, and, in consequence of this, two things struck me, which otherwise would not have done so in the way they did. The first was, that the drama had a weird air about it, which was not explained, until I found that its earliest origin, and therefore its ground-colours, so to speak, were to be sought in a wild vivid dream. The other was a certain indistinct resemblance of your versification in the drama to the Spanish, which I naturally attributed

altogether to your loving familiarity with that delightful mass of popular and poetical extravagances in the 'Comedias Famosas,' but which it seems had so little of such origin, that I must attribute it to your instincts rather than to the studies which have done so much for your later life. But, however this may be, the drama itself is most agreeable, refreshing, and original. Since I wrote the last sentence, I have read nearly the whole of it over again. The effect is still the same. I do not well see how you have brought it all to pass.

I am much troubled to hear that you have been unwell, and that, although the *sciatica* has given way, you are still not as fresh and strong as I would have you. My own record is not better, with a good many more years than yours on it, and all their infirmities. I was ill all through December with troubles in the liver, and though I am well enough now for a man between seventy-four and seventy-five, I have been obliged to let my correspondence languish a good deal for two or three years

back. Except for this, you would certainly have heard from me. I have long had your name at the head of a list that I have kept, like my sins, constantly before me, for my warning and rebuke, that so many of my friends have claims upon me which I have not acknowledged. In this I know that I have neglected my own interests. For a year, I have wanted to ask you two questions, and if I ask them now, I feel that I must rely on your good nature for answers. I will, however, venture: 1st. Can you send me a copy, to be made at my expense, from the preface to Lope's "Arcadia," which is the thirteenth of your "Comedias," Barcelona, 1620, or that in the British Museum, same year, Madrid? If you will take the trouble to turn to Casiano Pellicer, "Origen y Progresos de la Comedia," 1804, tomo i. p. 171, you will see in part why I want it.* The play itself I do not need. 2nd. Can you tell me, *in general terms*, how much Cancer, in his "Mejor Representante" ("Comedias

* [Note by John Chorley.] "Gran memoria."

Escogidas," tomo xxix. 1668), is indebted to Lope's "Fingido Verdadero" ("Comedias," tomo xvi. 1621 and 1622)? I do not care for details, and not even an answer to the question whether Cancer took much or little, if it is likely to give you trouble. Thank you for your congratulations on the end of our civil war, which, God be praised! is over. I never doubted that we should prevail. I did what I could to secure our success; but I always felt that great troubles would follow the most assured victories. Since the days of the Moors and Christians, there have been no such hatreds as now prevail between the Northern and Southern States of this Union. How they are to be appeased I do not know, and certainly shall not live to see; but that there will be no more fighting in my time, I trust and believe. The South is thoroughly beaten, and slavery is really abolished. Whether the blacks will perish from among us, as the aborigines have (by our fault in a great measure), remains in the uncertain

future; but I think they can never again become bondsmen.

"Yours faithfully,

"GEO. TICKNOR."

Professor Ticknor's preface to his "History of Spanish Literature" acknowledges his indebtedness to the extensive library collected by John Chorley, and now deposited in the British Museum. I have only to add, that between 1846 and 1854 John Chorley was the principal reviewer of German, Italian, and Spanish publications for the 'Athenæum.' He died June 29th, 1867, of atrophy.

Under his brother's will Chorley received an access of fortune* which left him for the remainder of life in comparative affluence; but the loss he had sustained was not thus to be compensated. To the shock of this event, culminating a series of bereavements, and succeeding a long term of failing health, must be attributed the lapse into the fatal

* The bulk of John Chorley's property was inherited, directly or indirectly, from his uncle, Dr. Rutter.

habit to which I have already alluded. Some further reference to this melancholy episode cannot be avoided by a faithful biographer, gladly as I would avoid it were it possible. I speak of it with the less reluctance, from a conviction that the extent of the infirmity was exaggerated by many even of his friends, still more by those who knew him slightly.

The depressing effect of habitual solitariness upon his spirits has been repeatedly noticed. Affectionate as his friendships were, they could not atone to him for the lack of wife and child. No one who has not read his journals can estimate how persistently this was felt. Such an entry as the following is but one of a score that might be quoted:—

'*La Cava, Wednesday, Oct. 6th,* 1858.—'Here again I was glad to get alone, moved 'to tears, and full of those hopeless yearnings 'for rest, for affection, for something to lean 'on, on earth, which I am now sure is not my 'appointment. As God wills!'

Even more pathetic, however, to my mind than any complaint, is the evidence of his constant effort to escape from this sense of isolation, by adding to the toils of an already laborious life. A letter addressed to Sir Wentworth Dilke, in 1859, will illustrate this better than any words of mine:—

"13, Eaton Place West,
"Wednesday, Feb. 2, 1859.

"DEAR WENTWORTH,

"I called on you the other day to trouble you about a very dull subject, my own affairs. A few words on paper will perhaps best explain my meaning. I have been feeling, for the last few years, that things are not quite as they should be with me. I do not mean as to worldly circumstances, since, so long as I can work as now, I can live quite as well as a man need do in my situation; and though I have had a rather unusual share of ill-luck, I have no pinch for the present, no fear for the future. But I am living too much alone. Such family intercourse as I have is entirely confined to my poor sister,

and that is neither supporting nor cheering; and I find my life beginning to weigh so heavily on my nerves and spirits, that I cannot go much further without some attempt to right myself. What I should like would be to find some little occupation which brought me more into contact with companionable and intelligent people. My intercourse with the musicians does not fill this want, since in that I *give* much, and receive only in return as much as suffices for the necessities of my position before the public. Thus it has occurred to me to ask you whether, in some of all these ramifying art-designs, schools, museums, &c., &c., I could not be made of use; since I do not think that my knowledge (especially on all lower matters connected with decoration, &c., &c.), or my experiences of what exists here and abroad, are less than those of many who appear to succeed and to give satisfaction; and I fancy that I might be able to turn them to account, without losing my hold on my own peculiar public, which I think I may say, without vanity, is

now very strong, though neither gainful nor refreshing. I think I need not say to you that I would undertake nothing that I could not accomplish; still less, that I am not afraid of work; but I feel the necessity of a relief from a state of things brought about by a singular number of deaths, changes, want of ability on my own part to push myself forward, and my painfully solitary position as the last of a family, with no living younger relative to look to, and no creature within reach to whom I can speak of what passes in my mind. You will see that this letter is one requiring no answer (I feel secure of your good-will); but if occasion should serve, do not forget its contents. Let me again repeat that it is no money-pressure that makes me trouble you. When I cease to be a journalist I can make up £400 a year, on which I can dream out my old days abroad; and should I survive others of my family, that income must be increased. Thus I cannot, I trust, be misunderstood, while I must also beg you to excuse my prosiness, in explanation of a tale

and a situation other than cheerful, or perhaps much longer tenable by

"Yours ever faithfully,

"HENRY F. CHORLEY."

Long after his need to work for livelihood had ceased, as this letter testifies, he continued to work for self-forgetfulness, his regular avocation as a critic not being surrendered until his sixtieth year, and his mind occupying itself with new literary schemes to the last. The stress of this incessant exertion aggravated the chronic disease under which he suffered, and entailed a fresh access of depression. To enable him to exact a full quantum of work out of his exhausted frame, he had resort to the strongest tonics. Writing to Liverpool before his sister's death in 1863, he says:

"My poor invalid suffers much, and I myself have come to the point of almost living without sleep and living upon quinine, with many weeks to get through before I can right myself."

It was when the effect of this medicine had failed, and under the weight of an affliction which temporarily incapacitated him from his wonted distraction in work, that he adopted the disastrous measure of recruiting his strength by stimulants. The blow of his brother's death for awhile seemed to paralyse his will. For some time he secluded himself at home, and scarcely admitted a visitor, the foreign servant * who attended him, either ignorantly or culpably, encouraging his weakness instead of restraining it. The advice of friends and his own conviction of the mistake he was making, happily prevailed to bring this habit under control, though it was never entirely shaken off. It had no power over him when on a visit to friends, or when seeking recreation in travel; a consideration that emphasises the distinction to be drawn between such a habit acquired in despair of other remedial

* As a rule, Chorley was most fortunate in his servants. One whom he much valued and regretted, Stephen Brake, whose widow remained his housekeeper to the last, died, under very painful circumstances, in the autumn of 1868.

aids, and one engendered by luxurious self-indulgence. That the consequences were not less calamitous must be frankly and sorrowfully admitted. Shattered health and weakened memory, a temper made more irritable and self-assertion more prominent, and, as the natural result of such infirmities, an amount of dissension and estrangement that embittered his declining years; these were of themselves a sufficient punishment. But as compared with other manifestations of its kind, his error was assuredly venial, and entitled him to the forbearance of his fellows.

I pass to a more cheerful subject, the holiday tours so often mentioned as seasons of restoration. Until the last year or two of his life these were spent on the Continent. The diaries kept of them, which extend up to 1861, are for the most part brief, and contain few passages that admit of extract; but they show no abatement of his interest in mental culture or the progress of contemporary art. Their notes of picturesque scenery, and sketches of architectural novelties attest, as of

yore, his close and loving observation. One diary chronicles his extreme delight at meeting in Leipsic with an American gentleman, Mr. Perkins, 'young, handsome, and rich, who 'has come out from home resolutely to work 'out a career in art, with the hope of doing 'good to his country by its agency when he 'goes back.' With this gentleman, who devoted himself to the study of music, 'with 'very many requisites for the task,' Chorley subsequently became intimate, and, I believe, supplied the words for a cantata composed by him.

The most interesting of these later tours was made in Spain during the autumn of 1861, in company with Mr. Frederick Lehmann. Some extracts from a letter thence, addressed to Mrs. R. Rathbone, give an outline of the principal impressions it produced :—

"Granada, Sept. 18th, 1861.

"My dear Friend,

"I have thought *of* you often since I have written *to* you. I don't think there was

a day when you were abroad that I did not pass some part of it with you. Now you have some leisure; are settled (I take it) in your new house; and the one number of the 'Times' I have seen since I was out told me of Emily's marriage: so I have said to myself, 'I will write.' You know what I would say, and *must* feel, about any event that takes place which ever so remotely touches you, since time and trial have done anything rather than cast me loose of old gratitudes and affections. Credit me, pray then, for having said it on this occasion, and for having felt it. It was rather a desperate expedient in me to come to Spain, so shattered was I by ten months of incessant work in London. Without some complete change, I could not have held out much longer, and this (by a mere chance thought of F. Lehmann's) seemed to offer itself. So far as restoring nervous and physical power, it has answered completely. I have rarely felt better; but the fatigue has been tremendous in places. We are here a month too soon; in a year of drought—a new

experience to me, and which can only be shown to its full character on a southern landscape, and that as bare a one as the staple landscapes of Spain. The heat and *parch* give it a kind of savagery which is characteristic; but the dust—which electroplates vine, and fig, and aloe, and seems to creep into one's very thoughts, too! Strange to say, heat and dust have *braced* me; but my brains have gone to sleep. I feel the utmost difficulty in writing up my journal, and in talking more than about four hours in the four-and-twenty. I hope, however, to retain my impressions of this very peculiar country, which has many rich things sown far apart.

"We had a glorious week among the pictures in the Madrid Gallery, which I suppose is now the finest collection in Europe. I studied the Spaniards very hard, because here they are at home, and had extraordinary enjoyment in Velasquez, who was in some sort a revelation to me. The Raphaels hardly seemed to me up to their reputation (but if I

dared say so, I should say that was no new experience); the Titians, Tintorettos, and specimens by Paul Veronese admirable. Eight long visits were too few. I would endure the fag over again of the journey from London for a second trial. Toledo pleased us mightily—my first real acquaintance with Moorish architecture and decoration. The town is a very quaint one, and stands nobly. I think the Escurial has been over-praised, though the mausoleum of the kings of Spain is truly a pompous sleeping-place for the common clay of which even Spanish kings are made. Then, in their way, the Cathedral of Cordova (whilom a mosque—a labyrinth of pillars and interlaced arches) and that of Seville, too, could be hardly exceeded. In a building like the latter—so gorgeous, so august—open all day, and where every hour brings out a new light, or shuts up some known object in a strange mystery of form—I can quite understand how those whose spirits and purposes are ruled by impression, *must* be Roman Catholics—why there is small

chance of that great wicked delusion ever wearing out of the world. We liked the curiosities of Seville much; but the people seemed too languid and borne down by the heat to rally to such alacrity as makes a strange place welcome. Cadiz gave us sea breezes, so did Malaga (and big muscatel grapes, the only ripe fruit I have seen in Spain), and now we are here for a week. I shall begin on the Alhambra to-morrow; to-night (after a sixteen-hours' rough journey) I have given up to aimless roaming, by *such* a moonlight! It is a thing to remember. How I wish I could *cut you out* my window, and the view it commands, and the light, and send them home! There is no exaggerating this side of southern beauty, and Granada lends itself to it very lovingly. It is odd how bodily exhaustion seems utterly to vanish and retire when the spell is so strong.

"*Sept.* 19*th.*—I feel powerless to describe the Alhambra; all that can be told *is* told by views and photographs, and one knew

every bit by heart ere one saw it; and yet how much more is there to see!—and this totally apart from historic associations. When I have been once or twice, I shall be able, perhaps, to record for myself some of the memorable points which no photograph can give. These remains, like the old Roman and the Gothic antiquities (and, of course, the Egyptian ruins), strike one with a sense of childishness, when one is tempted to connect modern times with anything like artistic achievement. When the Alhambra was in its glory, there must have been acres of the finest lace-hangings in plaster (much of it open-work) hung on the walls. As for its towers and ramparts, they were beyond number. I am no wailer after the old times, but to see such proof of their pride and glory (in our world, wherein many interests are embarked still in cockle-shell boats, by comparison,) is very subduing. When one thinks of 10,000*l.* paid for a vulgar English picture now-a-days, and sees these wondrous relics of a people—now under the world's feet—the comparison becomes very

painful because very humiliating, but very instructive. . . . .

"Very affectionately and gratefully yours,

"HENRY F. CHORLEY."

Of later years, his favourite place of sojourn in England was Scarborough, where the humours of its mixed society were a source of unfailing enjoyment to him. At the Grand Hotel his was a familiar figure, and with the facility which he always retained of making pleasant acquaintance, he seldom passed a season there without enlarging the number. Next to Gad's Hill, among his friends' houses, Lady Downshires', Wakehurst Place, was the one at which he felt most thoroughly at home. At both, to judge from his letters, he underwent a genuine renewal of youth, and the mental and bodily infirmities which beset him in London seemed for a time forgotten.

Another cheerful episode may here be noticed. His faithful attachment to the memory of his first friend, Mr. Benson Rath-

bone, led him to regard with peculiar and almost romantic interest that gentleman's nephew and namesake. The earliest expression of this I find in the following letter of March 27th, 1842, addressed to Mrs. Richard Rathbone, when her son was still a boy.

"The news," he writes, "of the rest of your household are most acceptable to me. I *should* like to see Benson much: I suppose if some day or other I were to ask you to let me look at him *here*, and to try and make him feel towards me as I did towards his namesake, it would be thought a random request, and mine a life too exclusively spent among the *superfluities*, to make such an association advisable. But I assure you it is a fantasy which occurs to me very often, and at all events, be it ever realised or not, is a harmless one to play with. How often I think of old days I cannot tell you. I can even refer my taste for making my house pretty (which really has been very successful) to my Swansea visit; only one among many directions which a very wavering

ill-regulated mind received; and I sometimes wish so strongly that I could show what I have done, or hand over a part of what I am enjoying, that the conviction that an irremovable barrier is between my wishes and fulfilment is as sharp as a pain of yesterday. I have never found anything that has filled up the void, and am endeavouring to cast about for occupation of some of one's best feelings among a younger generation, as I cannot bear the thoughts of the lonely egotism of middle age and the still more unlovely years which may succeed it, if the issues of life are not jealously watched."

Writing again, in April, 1847, after her son had paid him a visit, he says:—

"My dear Friend,

"The sight of *your* Benson has made me so very wakeful, that I must relieve my mind ere I sleep, by telling you that it has given me a pleasure such as I fancied was past, and gone for ever. I could have laughed and cried, after the first start, when Joseph brought

in his name; for I have not seen him since he was a baby, and was not prepared for such a reminder of a face, and a blithe voice and *ways* (though I don't know which), that I never forget for two days together. It was a smiting of the rock; a coming back of old times, and hopes, and pleasures in the same moment, and I could have 'lifted up my voice and wept,' had I not *put the weight on* very hard. I don't think I could have such a pleasure as if I could be in any wise or way, however humbly, to my own true friend's nephew and namesake what he was to me; but the sight of him has given me an interest which I shall not part with readily. I am so habitually compelled to remain on the defensive; have had so much to suppress, so much to harass me, so long a fight for every inch of my way, and every penny (almost) in my purse, that if I make more of the thing than seems natural, I have good excuse. Now, pray, if you hold me in any regard, let me be rated as having a particular love and liking for this new Benson; and if he wants

an uncle *extra*—be it for bed and board, or some one to go 'with on a journey,' or a scolding, or a soothing, or a nursing—*anything* a poor hard-worked man can do, I am to be come to, as having duly registered a claim. There are very few to whom I durst write such a rhodomontade as this; but you won't misunderstand it; and if you do, it can't be helped. It seems to me as if not till this afternoon I knew how earnestly I must have loved and how closely treasured every remembrance of my one true friend. Pray forgive all this, and believe me, with kindest regards from all our people (though they don't know I am writing) affectionately yours,

"HENRY F. CHORLEY."

From this time Chorley never ceased to interest himself in his young friend's welfare, and a mutual regard and interchange of friendly offices continued unbroken to the last. A few extracts from the letters addressed to Mr. Rathbone at various times have already been made; but one or two

others may be added that attest the writer's feeling more completely:—

" 13, Eaton Place West,
" 29 Dec. 1855.

"MY DEAR B.,

"The year is very nearly out, and as I do not quite see my way for the next eight-and-forty hours, I will write, while I have a moment, my new-year's greeting to you and yours. You would not find it easy to believe how often and how affectionately I think of you and your happy household, unless you had gone through my discipline of loss, and lived to see almost everything fail you on which you had placed reliance. I am sure, as I think I said not long ago, that there is use and blessing in all this; but the effect of repeated bereavements and much anxiety borne in solitude, is to make me dwell with greater earnestness on the few that remain for me to care about. May you have a good and happy year, and as little to fret and worry you as is possible." . . . .

"13, Eaton Place West,
"8 Dec. 1869.

"DEAR B.,

"I should have written to you, had you not written to me, to ask the address of your office. A Christmas consignment will appear there in due time, including 'Miss Kilmansegge,' which I hold to be unique among picture-books. I wish I could have read it to you. You should have it read aloud, but by some one who has first gone over it in private, The amount of wit, humour, pathos, and fun in it is unique, I repeat.

"You have misdated my birthday; it is the 15th, not the 8th; affectionate thanks for your kind wishes and the coming apricots. I doubt much whether I shall see another; but I think I have so arranged my affairs as to give very little trouble to those who are kind enough to administer them. . . . Unless I rally, I shall not go to Gad's Hill for my Christmas. It is not fair or fit to other people. My next business is in this memorial fund for dear old Harness, whose death I have

felt more than I could have thought possible. I am trying to write about Miss Mitford; but my head betrays me when I attempt anything more consecutive than this miserable letter.

"Meanwhile keep a warm corner in your heart for me, remembering that you need not be anxious, because if I *really* want help I shall telegraph for you. As for bad spirits, they must be borne and dealt with by their owner.

* * * * *

"Don't fancy me in the sulks. I shall write a line by the Christmas packet, and I hope to sign it with a firmer hand, though not more affectionate heart, than the two that go forth conjointly in this.

"Yours ever,

"HENRY F. CHORLEY."

A few words may now be permitted respecting my own observation of Chorley. Our acquaintance was made under circumstances apparently unpromising. In the

autumn of 1861, the 'Athenæum' contained a critique upon a little book of mine (not otherwise worth recalling), the mingled severity and sympathy in which excited my curiosity to know the writer personally. A request to that effect, forwarded through the editor, found its way into Chorley's hands. His reply was characteristic enough, deprecating the interview, both on the score of his constitutional nervousness and a conviction that no advantage would accrue to myself, but reluctantly assenting if I should still urge it. There was no alternative but to release him from the apprehension, with an expression of satisfaction at having met with a critic whose own writings had always interested me. The immediate rejoinder was a friendly invitation to dinner a few days afterwards, which was duly accepted; and from that time until his death our intimacy was maintained with unbroken and increasing cordiality. I found him such as I hope these pages have portrayed him—a gentleman, in the truest sense of the word, courteous, frank, and kindly; learned

in one or two provinces of study, well informed and gracefully cultivated in many more; incisive and humorous in speech, with an odd, nervous manner that, among superficial observers, might pass for affectation, but was not thus to be mistaken by his intimates. As one came to know him better, his thoroughly upright, sincere, generous, and affectionate nature was transparent. Manly to the core where any question of honour or independence was involved, he was almost womanly in his readiness to proffer and respond to sympathy; the smallest indication of regard sufficing to evoke and retain it. His charities, as may be told since his death, were as unostentatious as they were liberal. "Don't let my name appear," was invariably the request that accompanied the gift. The irritability of temper that characterised him was palpable after a brief acquaintance. That trivial occurrences, at which it was unreasonable to take offence, were sufficient to excite it, there can be no doubt; but I am equally convinced that he was essentially placable,

and that if those from whom he became estranged had been as anxious for reconciliation as himself, there was scarcely a dispute of his later life that might not have been arranged. His predilections and antipathies (not to call them prejudices) were many, and he was apt to be opinionated in defence of them; but I never found him deaf to reason in a temperate discussion, nor averse to admit an obvious error where it was pointed out. Some of his literary preferences, that were at first sight unaccountable, as, for example, his depreciation of Mr. Tennyson as compared with Crabbe, proved to be owing to the influence of early associations. Whatever thus linked itself with his affections was well-nigh ineradicable. I suspect that his political opinions also were more governed by sympathy than by conviction; and that, while in virtue of the latter he was nominally a Liberal, the former stamped him, to all intents and purposes, as a Conservative. With dogmatic theology he was happily unburdened; but a simple devotional feeling, of which I after-

wards found evidence in his journals, though never paraded, made itself felt on fitting occasion.

Towards the close of his life we were in frequent converse, both personally and by letter. Few men were more companionable when *tête à tête*, his fertile fancy, retentive memory, and large experience supplying ample illustrations of any theme that arose for discussion. At the parties which he was in the habit of assembling of his principal friends, it was always a treat to be present. The guests were often curiously assorted—a *grande dame* sitting beside a popular comedian, or a grave student by a brilliant *artiste*; but, as the event usually proved, not inharmoniously blended. One was tolerably sure to meet some person of distinction; and in such company as that of Dickens, Sir Arthur Helps, Sir John Coleridge, Madame Viardot, Sir Michael Costa, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Reeve, Mr. Eastwick, or Mrs. Procter, a visitor must have been hard to please who did not find his evening agreeable. The dinners, of their kind, were

unique, at once informal and *recherchés*, with certain dishes seldom to be met with elsewhere, to one or other of which the *carte* generally called attention in a naive marginal note, such as "Try this; H. F. C."—all, however elaborate, being made at home, and mythically ascribed to receipts from a wonderful cookery-book, of which the world was one day promised a glimpse. If there was music afterwards, it was always of the best, whether the performers were professional or amateur. The presence of the host, with his genial, old-fashioned courtesy, quaint manner, and humorous *persiflage*, lent a peculiar flavour of character to the whole entertainment. Altogether, these gatherings belonged to a type not easily to be matched in the circles of London society.

My closest intercourse with him took place at the time of the last great sorrow of his life. The sudden death of Dickens was felt by no one, out of his own family, as a more painful shock. The friends had been in correspondence during the past week; the last note or

two from Dickens having reference to an old picture of Ranelagh Gardens, which Chorley had just purchased, after some preliminary negotiation, and was about to forward to Gad's Hill as a present. These notes, of which the following is a sample, assuredly told of nothing so little as decay in the health or spirits of the writer:—

"Gad's Hill Place,
"Higham by Rochester, Kent,
"Sunday, 5th June, 1870.

"MY DEAR CHORLEY,

"Believe me, I shall be charmed to have the picture, if you succeed in your negotiation for it. Apart from its own interest (and you know beforehand how the subject attracts me), it will be priceless to me as a token of your regard. I will find a place for it somehow and somewhere, and am already pervading the house with a two-foot rule, measuring in all directions. The improvements solicit inspection. Among them a toy-stable, which has the air of being made for horses on wheels, with fur manes and tails.

Bring a rocking-horse with you, and it shall have the best stall of state.

"Ever faithfully and affectionately

"C. D."

The last note, making arrangements for the despatch of the picture, was dated Tuesday, 7th June. On the Thursday, one from Miss Dickens announced her father's seizure on the previous day, and the next brought news of his death. Chorley's mental prostration, when I called upon him shortly afterwards, was painful to witness, affording as it did a measure of the extent to which his friendship had supported him. It was at this interview that he requested me to undertake an office which he had doubtless hoped would have been more worthily filled. Of my promise to discharge it, this book is the imperfect fulfilment. At the suggestion of Sir C. W. Dilke, he wrote the obituary notice of Dickens in the 'Athenæum' of the following week, unwilling that it should be entrusted to any less reverent hand. The performance redoubled

his distress, and bore evidence of the effort it had cost, without satisfying his intention of doing justice to the subject.

How bitterly the loss was felt all his letters told. Acknowledging a message from Mr. Benson Rathbone just afterwards, he wrote :

"God bless you for your kindness. For the hour I am best alone. . . . I have a letter from poor Mary. If universal sympathy of the warmest kind in every form could soften the agony of such a trial, they will have it in overflowing measure, but it will not give back one of the noblest and most gifted men I have ever known, whose regard for me was one of those honours which make amends for much failure and disappointment. I cannot express to any human being the void this will make for me to my dying day."

Though he did not survive his friend long enough to lose the sense of bereavement, and the painful acceleration of organic disease, from which he thenceforth suffered, may have been consequent upon the shock, he rallied from it sooner than I expected. In phy-

sical weakness, he was no doubt, during the last two or three years of his life, a prematurely old man; but the signs of mental decay, which some of his acquaintance observed in him, were, I think, illusory. No such traces, at all events, are to be found in his last literary product, the biographical sketch of Miss Mitford, nor in the following letters. The first bears date about three months after the death of Dickens.

"Grand Hotel, Scarborough,
"Sept. 19, 1870.

"My dear Hewlett,

"I have had it in my mind to write to you for many days past, and it is new for me *not* to write when I have it in my mind; but I am only beginning reluctantly, I may almost say, to recover from the torpor into which I have been thrown, by one shock after another, and to be able to put two and two ideas together without a very great effort; so that I have let everything go by, and have, in some degree, found my account in the rest. I hope that my letter will find all yours and

yourself flourishing. I suppose you to be at the sea-side—an excellent change, as I can bear witness, and without that monotony which inland country possesses in some degree, and which I think I should feel as pressing on my spirits. To be sure, you are not a solitary man, neither my age.

"Scarborough suits me so well, that were it nearer London, I should have my home here, I *think*, and a *pied-à-terre* there. One may be as much in the crowd, not of it, as one likes, and I am as entirely out of the way in my own room as if I was a hundred miles away from the spa and its music, which is very good, and the *table d'hôte*, and the nightly dancings, which are full of humours for any one who watches character to gather. I have been prevented from eating my heart out by dwelling too much on one sad subject, though it is still, and will be, so long as I last, ever before my thoughts. Even these tremendous events abroad have not driven out my dear friend's image; but *how* tremendous! Let me read as pertinaciously as I will, it is all like an ugly dream of horror and insanity.

I have near and dear friends on both sides, some of whom will be incurably ruined, and many of whom have lost some of their best men, but even this intimate sorrow of participation seems to me a trifle as compared with the wholesale slaughter of those on both sides, who have had no power of choice, save to go and be butchered. I cannot but feel, too, that there may be the worst of the vials yet to be poured out. I was bound this autumn both for France and Germany, having some researches I wished to make. Now I feel as if I never wished to see either country again, since the mourning and desolation will hardly pass in my lifetime. I shall be at home (D.V.) about a month hence; after which my plans are uncertain. I should be glad to winter out of England, and am thinking of Lisbon, as ground perfectly new to me; but after all it does not much matter for the years to come, be they few or fewer.

"With best regards to your wife,

"I am,

"Ever yours most truly,

"HENRY F. CHORLEY."

The next autumn he wrote again after his return from Scarborough.

" 13, Eaton Place West,
" Oct. 2, 1871.

"MY DEAR HEWLETT,

"I answer your welcome letter . . . . as soon as it was received. . . . . The year has been a deadly one, more than usual; only one feels the poison more and more every year. 'The cares of the world,' &c. . . . . Early in August, I went to Scarborough, and only came back on Wednesday last, very much the better for the change. . . . I go down to-morrow to stay at Wakehurst Place, such a lovely old house, till the end of the week, and then I suppose I shall be in town again for awhile. . . . . My autumn work (not yet complete) is the arrangement, with notes and a preface, of a second collection of Miss Mitford's Letters. I have had many reasons for doing this; but the work is very tiresome. I rather fancy the next thing will be the preparation of such of my own memoirs as I can publish during my lifetime.

There are things that I feel I ought to put on record, especially as I have destroyed a large correspondence. The book will be a curious one, and I have been writing at it, as I think you know, for the last ten years. One must be in calm health and spirits before one can be trusted to labour among one's graves, for such is an honest record of hopes, plans, and losses. Of the verse plan, I must talk to you when we meet. I hope it will not be long first.

"*Vers de Société* is a capital subject, too rich a one almost, for a single magazine article; since, from the days of Horace Walpole and Gray, 'all the planets' (poets) 'in their turn' have all written something at or for the modes of the hour. The subject is a very bright if not a very big one. Don't hurry or dwarf yourself in it. More of this too when we meet. I am behindhand with all periodicals, not even having read up the 'Athenæum.' My time for them seems to be over, as you would not wonder, did you know what my inner life, during my thirty-five years' apprenticeship, comprehended.

"More last words of rigmarole. I have a dinner here on Gunpowder-day, Sunday, November 5th, half-past seven. I have no choice, save to take a Sunday, because I shall receive some of my theatrical friends—Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft (Madlle. Marie Wilton) and Mr. Hare, and they are free on no other day. If you are disposed to bid for a stall to meet the galaxy (is not that grand?) I will keep one for your disposal, and a bed for yourself and carpet-bag, after.

"With regards to all yours,

"HENRY F. CHORLEY."

The preface to the first portion of his autobiography which he intended to publish, was written shortly after the date of this letter, and may appropriately follow the reference here made to the subject.

'This book, which, I hope, is an honest one, 'has been many years in progress. The 'writing it has never been an easy, often-'times a very painful, task. I have thought 'it right to attempt it, in remembrance of

'warning and comfort that I have derived
'from other honest autobiographies, in remem-
'brance of many excellent and original per-
'sons whom I have had the honour of ap-
'proaching, and in encouragement of those to
'whom the position of by-standers, and not
'prominent actors, in the drama of life is
'allotted by nature and by circumstance. It
'is given to few to rise, or to take a brilliant
'position among their fellow-men. It is given
'to many to observe, to enjoy, and to recol-
'lect; and, perhaps, these may be on the
'whole happier than those who are consumed
'by "wild wish and longing vain."

'One difficulty, and not the least, has been
'in the amount of materials. By the many
'not very cheerful chances of survivorship I
'became, some time ago, the depository of a
'mass of family correspondence, not a little
'of it noticeable from the racy humour of
'its writers. My own letters amounted in
'number to many thousands. I have been
'largely trusted by my superiors, and this
'in matters which can be submitted to *no*

'executor, because there is no placing any
'third person in the attitude of confidence and
'competence to speak or select. The letters
'of a Pope, a Swift, a Walpole, a Byron,
'written with the public in view, stand in a
'category totally different. I have gone over
'and destroyed all this mass of papers; and
'from them, and from my recollections, and
'with reference to the journal served by me
'for five-and-thirty years, I have combined
'and narrated everything which it has seemed
'to me fit and fair to put on record. Every
'year brings its new proof of the discretion,
'I may say the necessity, of such a course.

'Further, I have considered it best to give
'out a part of these memorials during my life-
'time, because, should I be accused of mis-
'statement or exaggeration, I should be on the
'spot, to confess, to defend, or to apologise. I
'have no near relative nor literary executor
'who can speak of the times, the scenes, and
'the people that I have known. I am willing
'to bear the accusation of vanity, which may
'be brought against such open publication;

'but I have given my reason for the course
'adopted, and I think it will not be mistaken
'by those few whose esteem, whether while
'living or after death, I desire to preserve.

'HENRY F. CHORLEY.'

During the winter of 1871, his health became sensibly worse, and compelled him to abandon a visit which he had planned to Liverpool. Writing to Mr. B. Rathbone, on the 3rd December, he says: "Since Christmas-day, when I dined at the L——'s (and, by the way, was kissed under the mistletoe for the first time in my life), I have been very ill, and last night heard every hour of the twelve strike, not sleeping for more than ten minutes at a time. This, of course, aggravates my heart-complaint, and there is nothing but stillness and diet with which to meet the evil. I must not have you think, however, that there is anything of immediate cause for apprehension; only I am not in holiday trim, that's all.

* * * *

"Did you see in the paper the death of my poor friend, Dr. Seemann, in Nicaragua? He went there on a last expedition, to return in February, and we were to have gone to Constantinople together after the season. He was the only really companionable friend I had left, since we had many pursuits in common. You will recollect our pleasant day at Kew.

* * * *

"So you cannot wonder that I am out of tune for carol singing. I do not want to sadden you, but I must not be thought capricious, and will make as good a fight as I can. My servants take every care of me, and, in some respects, the solitude and absence of excitement is the best thing for me.

* * * *

"Ever affectionately yours,

"HENRY F. CHORLEY."

The last letter that I shall insert was addressed to Mrs. R. Rathbone little more than a month before his death.

"Jan. 3, 1872.
"13, Eaton Place, S.W.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"How kind of you to write to me; but I am sure I have decided rightly, if only on account of the railway journey, which it would not be safe to undertake in the present state of my heart. This has been at its worst, as was to be expected, not only on the score of age, but as a consequence of very severe and unremitting anxiety. I should be only a nuisance and an incumbrance were I delivered safely to your sofa, and the sense of this would make me worse, or else tempt me to efforts beyond my powers. I have always felt that when one is ill it is not right to become a burthen on one's friends, save in case of necessity; and you must remember I have been used to meet trials, bodily and mental, without support. In my dear sister's lifetime, I concealed them from her; and, since her death, I have had no one to whom I could have spoken freely. Meanwhile, I am better

than when I wrote to Benson; the faintness is subsiding, and I have slept somewhat better; but I must keep quiet, and am not for the moment going anywhere, nor shall. If I have no new trouble (D.V.), I may work round, and then I will be as much of an incumbrance to my friends (or the reverse) as they may be disposed to endure. There are hundreds of things I should like to talk over with you. I shall send B. down a copy of the second series of Mitford's Letters, which I have edited. You will see that I have been faithful to my theory of biography—that it should be *truth*, not panegyric. I am sure that if failures and faults are considerately stated and admitted, the dead will be more tenderly loved, because of their mortality, than when (so to say) they are embalmed and rouged in their sepulchres.

"I shall be curious and interested some day to hear what you think of Dickens's life. It is a very sad book, but to me brimful of interest. When it is completed, if I am alive, I shall deal with it for one of the large

reviews. Tell Benson that he was slanderous on the subject of mince-pies as having caused my illness; and once again believe me to be

"Ever affectionately and gratefully yours,

"HENRY F. CHORLEY."

A partial recovery of strength ensued, but the occupation of his mind with the thought that it would prove transient, showed itself in his frequent references to a future life when conversing with his confidential servant. The expectation of sudden death, however, had become so habitual to him, that he practically disregarded it. He had planned a dinner-party for Friday, the 16th February, the day on which he died, when Sir Michael Costa, Lady Downshire, and other friends (including myself), were to have been among the guests. On the Wednesday preceding, he was present at a theatrical ball given by Mrs. Bancroft, and on the Thursday, when Mr. Francis, the publisher of the 'Athenæum,' called upon him, he spoke with cheerfulness of

his future plans. Early on the following morning he was seized with sudden syncope, and, after lying a few hours unconscious, expired without apparent suffering.

He was buried, by his own desire, beside his brother John, in Brompton Cemetery, a large number of his associates, including many representatives of letters and art, following his remains to the grave. By his will, an abstract of which will be found on the next leaf, he left the bulk of his property to Mr. Benson Rathbone. He also gave written directions to this gentleman to present his favourite picture by "Old Crowe" to the National Gallery; to pay 500*l.* to the faithful servant who had attended him for the last three years; and distribute tokens of remembrance to many of his friends. All these requests have been faithfully executed.

Whatever it has seemed right to say in vindication of his literary claims has already been said, and it would be needless to repeat. To lament the mistaken application and imperfect training of powers that might, under

wiser culture, have yielded richer fruit, may be permitted to his friends alone :

> " The world, which credits what is done,
> Is cold to all that might have been."

That this record of his achievements should tend in any measure to enlarge the circle of his admirers may be a presumptuous hope. But, even though limited to his contemporaries, it was not a small nor an obscure number, either in England or on the Continent, who felt, at the announcement of Chorley's death, that an acute and courageous critic, a genuine if incomplete artist, and a warm-hearted honourable gentleman, had gone to his rest.

APPENDIX.

Abstract of the Will of H. F. Chorley, dated 8th May, 1868.

Bequeaths to his friend Charles Dickens, of Gad's Hill Place, £50 for a ring, in memory of one greatly helped by him.

To Michael Costa £50 for a ring.

To the Life-Boat Institution £600, upon condition that the boat which it will suffice to build shall be called the "John Rutter Chorley," and its name maintained.

To Stephen Brake and Mary Brake, servants of the testator, whether in his service at his decease or not, all beds, linen, kitchen furniture, utensils, and common crockery.

All the residue of his estate, real and personal, testator devises and bequeaths to Benson Rathbone, of Oakwood, Aigburth, Liverpool:

Upon trust to pay his funeral and testamentary expenses and debts;

To set apart or purchase, in his own name, a sufficient sum of Consols to produce £100 a year, and to pay to or permit said Stephen and Mary Brake, during their joint lives, and the survivor during his or her life, to receive the dividends, in memory of faithful service faithfully rendered; and after

the death of the survivor, to transfer or dispose of the Consols to the executors, &c., of the said Stephen Brake;

To set apart or invest in Consols such a sum as will produce an annuity of £300 a year, to be paid to the testator's brother, William Brownsword Chorley, for his life;

To set apart or invest in Consols such a sum as will produce £200 a year for Mary, the eldest daughter of said Charles Dickens, for her life.

Legacies and annuities to be free of duty.

Appoints Benson Rathbone sole executor.

Directs him to destroy all family pictures, miniatures, and memorials, rather than turn them adrift as rubbish, except such as he may desire to retain; and directs that his funeral shall be on the same scale, and conducted by the same persons (Messrs. Mares and Co.), as that of his deceased brother, John Rutter Chorley.

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BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek

MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

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